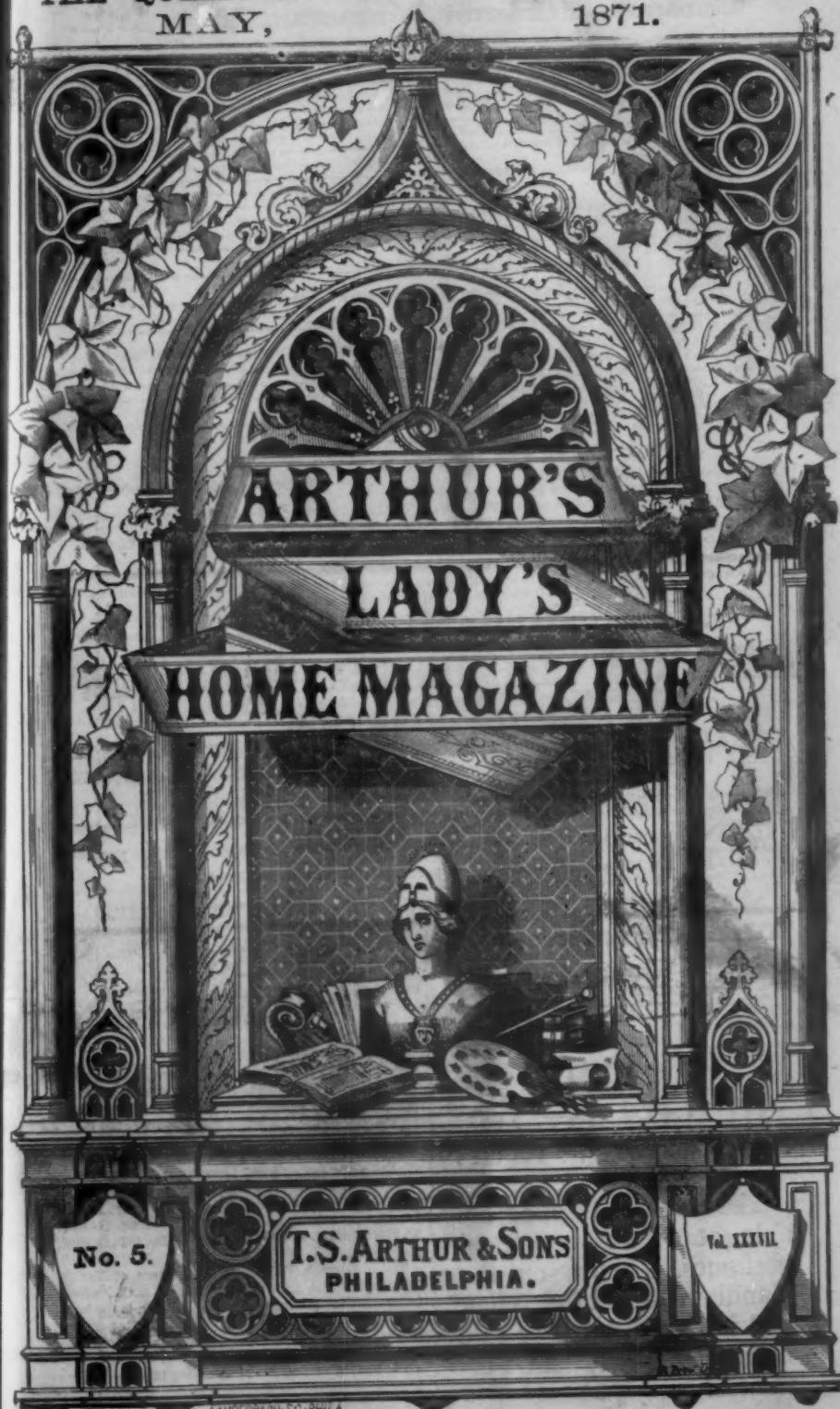


THE QUEEN OF THE LADIES' MAGAZINES!
MAY, 1871.



LAUDERBACH & CO. PHILA.

82 A Year.

20 Cents a Number.

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- Elfride Overskirt—Lucia Corset-Cover—Eaton Overskirt—Ellie Casque—Lester Sleeve—Meta dress—Clemenza Casque—Lotella Casque.
- Walking Dress.

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The Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Leader*, in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business **scientifically and systematically** in such a way: that is, so to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

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DUST IN THE EYE.

(See page 279.)



EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

FROM MMG. DEMOREST.



NEW SPRING STYLES IN BONNETS AND HATS—MAY 1871.

7

6



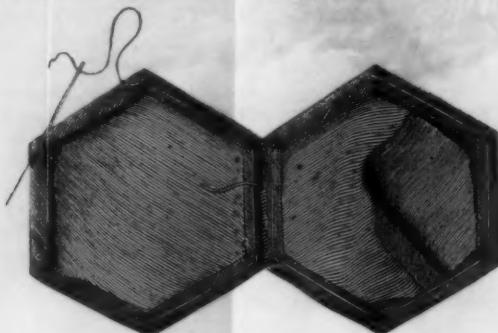


WINDOW-BLIND IN MOSAIC.

Materials.—Silk or glazed calico in various colors, card-board, wool, wooden tassel-heads, filoselle.

This blind consists of hexagons joined together, as shown in full size in Fig. 2. Seven hexagons of three colors, forming a contrast, are inclosed in the white ground, forming a rosette. According to our model, the colors are irregularly placed, and varied according to taste. The joining hexagons of the separate rosettes are white throughout. With this, and all mosaic work, the greatest accuracy must be observed with regard to the size and form of the hexagon. For each hexagon the silk must be fastened over card-board, the two straight side-edges lying opposite to each other. The edges of the silk must be turned over on the wrong side, as shown in Fig. 2, and carefully fastened at the corner with a stitch. The two are then exactly fitted and sewn together, according to design. The even stuff edges represent the lead that unites the panes of glass in colored windows.

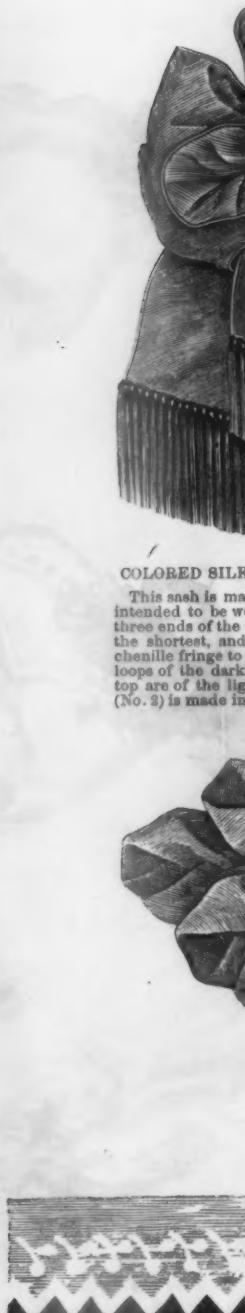
The piece of card-board is pushed out with the thumb, and may be used for other hexagons as long as it remains stiff. The whole blind is lined at the upper cross end, and at the two long sides a dark-brown hem is placed an inch broad. At the bottom, the lining is cut to the pattern. The tassels are of bright-colored wool, and the wooden tops are covered with filoselle.



No. 2.

COLORED SILK.

This shade is made intended to be wide, the three ends of the hem being the shortest, and the chenille fringe to loops of the dark color. The top are of the light color (No. 2) is made in



WORK-TABLE.



No. 1.

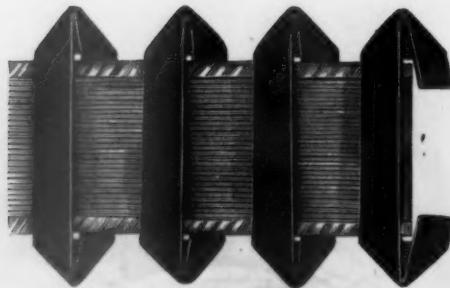
COLORED SILK SASH FOR WHITE DRESS.
This sash is made of two shades of silk, and is intended to be worn with a white dress. It has three ends of the darker shade; the centre one is shortest, and all three terminate with rich millie fringe to match in color. There are four loops of the darker silk, and three leaves at the ends of the lighter shade. The shoulder bow (No. 2) is made in the same style.



No. 2.

SHOULDER KNOT.

To be worn with sash No. 1.



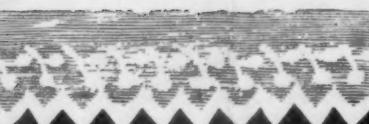
TRIMMING FOR BLACK SILK DRESS.

This consists of a straight band of material the same as the dress, and bound with either colored or with tartan silk. The band runs through pointed loops of black ribbon velvet.

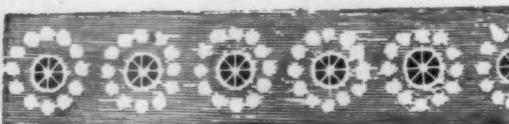


BLACK VELVET SASH.

This sash is made of black velvet, and orange or any other colored satin. The two ends and four loops are of velvet; the five leaves of satin.



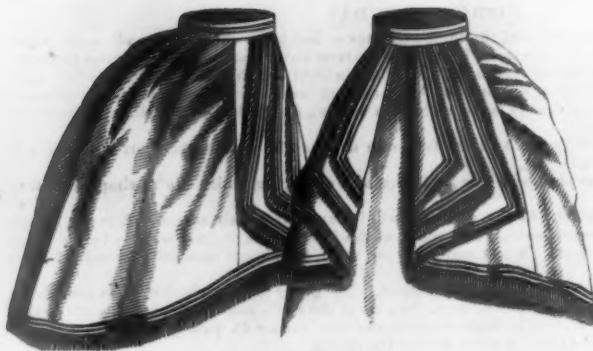
EDGING.



INSERTION.

SEVENTH MONTH, 1860.

FASHIONS FROM



ELFRIDA OVERSKIRT.



LUCIA CORSAGE.



BACK.

ELLIE CASAQUE.

FRONT.

LESTER

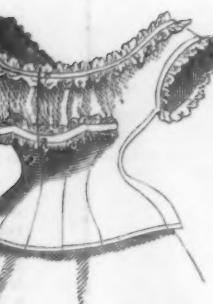


FRONT.

CLEMENZA CASAQUE.

BACK.

FROM MME. DEMOREST.



LUCIA CORSET-COVER.



EATON OVERSKIRT.



LESTER SLEEVE.



BACK.



META DRESS.

FRONT.



FRONT

LOTELLA CASAQUE.

BACK.



WALKING DRESS.

Walking dress of black silk; the bottom part of underskirt being trimmed with bias bands of velvet, put on slanting, headed by a wide gimp, with a narrow plaited ruffle on each side of it; long overskirt, looped up, and trimmed with gimp to correspond. Basque waist, with bretelles of gimp; coat-sleeves. Black straw hat, trimmed with velvet and pink roses. White parasol, lined with pink silk.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

The mild spring weather has renewed the tunic costumes of last year. They are made in all materials, and in almost all styles. As we said last month, narrow stripes are the most popular patterns. Narrow and hair-striped silks, cambrics, percales, and prints in light and delicate colors, made into suits and trimmed with ruches of the same, will be much worn, and are inexpensive. Black silk suits, trimmed with velvet, lace, or ruchings, are always fashionable. In wearing the tunic costume, either the tunic or skirt may be in black.

Striped muslins and cambrics will be worn for house dresses with a wide, soft scarf of black silk tied at the back with fringed ends.

We give this month several pretty designs for tunics and overskirts, which are so simple that they do not require description.

Casques and mantles of black silk and cashmere will be much worn this season. A pretty mantle has been named after the Princess Louise. It is round at the back, where it only reaches to the waist, and is cut with square tabs in front. A belt surrounds the waist, with broad sash ends behind. This is very pretty over muslin dresses.

The spring bonnets and hats are principally of straw. The gypsy is the style that takes precedence in bonnets. This style is variously modified; some turn up at the back, some in front, some are simply indented all around. A pretty style is in English straw, the brim lined with pale pink or blue silk, and a trimming of black velvet and daisies or roses around the crown.

In speaking of the fashions for young girls, Madame Demorest says: "The tendency is toward simplicity of fashions for young girls, less jewelry, less frills, and less furbelows of every description, and greater attention to fineness and daintiness of fabric. Cheap finery is an index of a naturally low and vulgar taste, and we advise our young lady readers, in the selection of their wardrobes, to restrict themselves to little, if need be, but let that little be of the best."

The advice which she gives is excellent, not only for young girls, but for every one.

There is a great effort to revive embroidery as trimming upon dresses, jackets, tunics, sashes, and the like, but in this country it can never achieve more than a limited success on account of its enormous cost. Ladies who are willing to pay so high a price for decoration generally prefer lace, or something that will outlast the fabric upon which it is employed.

The best method of using embroidery in this country, where the labor costs so much, is to have it executed upon bands of silk, or velvet, or cashmere, and applied to garments and dresses in such a way that it can be removed and utilized a second time if it is needed.

The difficulty in the way of this method is the rapid change of fashion, which compels different forms, different designs, with every season, and subordinates altogether the permanently beautiful to the passing novelty.

BONNETS AND HATS.

(See double-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—A round hat for a young lady, to be made in light-green gros-grain, the narrow brim indented at the sides, and formed of two puffs, the crown soft and high, encircled by a rouleau of a gros-grain and velvet of a darker shade, and the additional trimmings composed of a large pompon of velvet in front, from which springs a green ostrich tip falling over the right side, a full-blown tea-rose in foliage on the opposite side, and streamers of the two shades of gros-grain.

No. 2.—Pamela bonnet in white chif, the front turned back en diadème, faced with a puffing of blue silk, and completed by a bandeau of velvet of a darker shade, over which is disposed a garland of fine blue flowers. A rouleau of silk encircles the crown, confining loops of velvet, and the back, which is also turned up slightly, is ornamented with a pink rose surrounded by white wheat-heads and loops of blue ribbon, from which depend long streamers fringed at the ends and tied in tassels. Long brides of blue ribbon, tied very low.

No. 3.—One of the prettiest designs for gypsy bonnets which is sure to become a favorite. It possesses the three elements of a bonnet—crown, front, and cape—and for early spring is most beautifully made in lavender terry velvet, the front faced with violet gros-grain, the left side quite plain except a rouleau of violet and lavender, and the back and right side ornamented with loops of violet and lavender ribbon, placed at the base of the cape, and intermingled with a garland of morning-glories, shaded to match. Streamers and brides of the two shades of gros-grain ribbon.

No. 4.—A hat for a little girl, of English straw, garnished with plaitings of green ribbon and loops of narrow green velvet encircling the crown, and the revers at the back confined by a cluster of field-flowers, and loops, and streamers of green ribbon.

No. 5.—A simple round hat, suitable for school wear, of gray felt, the crown surrounded by ruchings of feathered blue silk set between blue velvet bands. The rest of the trimming consists of a rosette of blue ribbon, and streamers proceeding from the sides, and united low down on the back in a cluster of loops.

No. 6.—Visiting bonnet of a modified gypsy shape, the front somewhat resembling the Fanchon. It is made in gros-grain of a very light shade of brown, almost a cuir color; the crown soft, the cape and face trimming in chestnut-brown; pompons of silk of the two shades placed across the front in the rear of the diadem, a bow of brown at the left side and a cluster of brown tips on the right, from which proceed the brides, one of each shade, which are tied under the chin. Intended to complete a costume of gros-grain in the two shades of the bonnet.

No. 7.—Round hat in white chif, rather low in the crown, the brim indented at the sides, the trimmings composed of bows and bands of black velvet, narrow black thread lace; a lace scarf at the back, ornamented with velvet bows, and a pink rose on the left side supporting a humming-bird. Very stylish with a black cashmere costume, trimmed with white.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

GLOBE SCHOTTISCH.

COMPOSED BY WM. O. BREWSTER.



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VOL. XXXVII.—18.



ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1871.

REMEMBERED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

A TINY, attic room, daintily clean, and with little pitiful attempts here and there at humble adornment, but with no warmth or comfort in the air, no glow and bustle of happy, healthful, hopeful life.

A woman, small and slight, sitting before the fireless grate, with head bowed upon her bosom, and slender hands tight clasped and lying listless in her lap; at her feet, and striving to wrap himself in her dress, a dark-eyed boy reflecting gravely in his childish fashion on the mysterious ways of God and of the world.

"Little mother, I cannot tell how it is. Last summer, you know, the sun was like a great fire that our Father had kindled up there in the sky, and it shone down everywhere and on everybody just alike, and we were all warm; but now it is put out, or it is moved a great way off, and people build fires in their houses, but it is all for themselves and not a bit for us who are so cold, and cannot buy anything to make one little, little blaze to stretch our fingers over. Why don't they do like God, and build fires to warm us all? Why do we have to climb up these long, dark flights of stairs that make you pant and grow so white, and sit here shivering in the cold when there are big houses, all summer inside, and lots and lots of room, and beautiful things to look at and—plenty to eat?"

"Hush, Benny, darling; don't talk."

"But I must, little mother; for when I keep still and think I am so hungry and"—wrapping himself closer in her dress—"so cold. You did not tell me why we could not go into the beautiful houses and get warm."

"Because they are not ours, dear, and we have no right there."

A deeper shadow fell over the child's face. He was silent for a space, striving to comprehend the mystery of possession which experience had never interpreted to him. "I can't see," he said, finally, sighing deeply, "if our Father loves us, why doesn't He give us these things, too? Why aren't they ours?"

Conscious only of her great need and sorrow, the mother knelt beside her boy, and together in tears, and sighs, and broken words, they prayed, as if the dear Lord were standing there before them, and they felt that through Him only could help and comfort come.

"I can't see Him," said Benny, softly, "but it seems as if He were right here and would give us what we want."

And his simple, childish supplications were poured out with a fervor and faith that stirred the soul of Nellie Archer with a hope she had wellnigh relinquished, for disappointment after disappointment had pressed upon her so heavily of late that she had fallen into the apathy of despair, and seemed only waiting the final stroke of fate. She had struggled so desperately against the gaunt enemy—had strained every nerve to hold off want and destitution, only at the last to be borne down and overcome. If there had been only herself, she thought dreamily, she would have given up the fight long ago, and lain down quietly to die; but the mute appeal of a helplessness greater than her own had pricked her again and again to exertion when it seemed her last grain of strength and courage was gone. It was not much, perhaps, that she had done, but it was all she could. It was not her fault that she was small and weak, and shrank with dread from contact with a world that she had known only from the narrow outlook of a happy, love-guarded home, and that seemed so vast, and cold, and cruel to face alone. It was not her fault that she had been trained to habits of dependence, and was bewildered and crushed by cares of which she had never thought until they devolved an overwhelming weight upon her. It was not her fault that the places she might have filled were shut against her, and that the scanty work that fell to her portion was such as she was ill-fitted to perform. She had done her best, her level best, and the grandest hero of them all could do no more.

But there had been sad failures of late. Only the Father in Heaven knew under what difficulties and discouragements she had wrought at her tasks, what trouble pressing on heart and brain had weighted and deadened her powers; and her work had been but imperfectly done, and strict justice had been meted to her in the withholding of reward. There was nothing to complain of in all that. If one gets strict justice in this world, it is all one need to expect. So much for so much, and it is none of the world's business to take

into account the reasons why the contract is not fairly met.

Nevertheless, under recurring disappointments, as I said, the heart of Nellie Archer had at last sunk so low that the thrill of hope awakened by Benny's simple prayer was like a resurrection from the dead. Could it be after all that there was something better for her than the slow, cruel death she had sat down dumbly to wait? Was there indeed One who felt her sorrow, her loneliness, and need, and looked upon her weakness with tenderneas and compassion?

She rose from her knees strangely comforted and strengthened, and stood a few moments with Benny's hand close clasped in hers, thinking so intently that the child, watching her in silence, hesitated to disturb her with the questions and suggestions ever flowing from his lips. Then she drew from her bosom a small gold locket, and passionately kissing the pictured face within, closed it and restored it again to its place. He had seen the same action so often that it did not seem significant to him, and gave no clue to the resolve that he read in her face.

"We will go out, Benny," she said presently. "We will be warmer walking in the sheltered streets, and I think I see a way to bring home the nice little supper you are longing for."

"I knew our Father would show us what to do," said the boy, confidently, keeping close to her down the dark, dangerous stairs, and through the crowded streets, where they felt even more alone than in their bare little attic, but making no inquiry regarding her destination until they came into the neighborhood of a pawnbroker's shop, with which frequent errands, before their small stock of valuables was exhausted, had made him tolerably familiar.

"Have we anything more, mamma?" he asked, in pleased surprise.

She pressed his hand without answer, and hurried forward, as if fearful that her courage would fail her at the last. Entering the shop, she passed swiftly up to the man in waiting, and, detaching the precious locket from its ribbon, laid it down before him as she might have laid her head upon the executioner's block.

He looked at it critically and named a sum so pitifully small that she reached forth her hand involuntarily to take back her treasure.

"That is all it is worth, Mrs. Archer," said the man restoring it, and turning aside indifferently.

She held it to her heart, her breath coming unevenly, her face growing more white and tense with her inward struggle. Then she laid it down again; there was not wealth enough in all that city to buy this earliest love gift of her dead Harry; but her boy must not starve. "Remove the picture," she faltered, shoving the trinket toward the broker, who proceeded unmoved to execute her bidding.

A gentleman standing near, white-haired and kindly faced, leaned forward and glanced curiously at the likeness as it was withdrawn from the setting and passed back to the owner.

"Madam," he said, kindling with sudden eagerness, "is the original of this picture a friend of yours?"

"My husband," was the simple answer.

"And he—ah! I see, poor child," he said, with quick compassion, reading the story in her quivering face. "Pardon this seeming rudeness of a stranger, but your husband did me a favor once, a great favor which I have never forgotten, and after hearing your name and seeing the picture I could not let you pass without inquiry. I owe a debt of gratitude to Harry Archer that all I can do in this world will never quite cancel. Come home with me and let me tell all about it. And, here, have back the locket for your picture—his gift, no doubt—you cannot afford to leave it."

Nellie Archer looked into the true, kind face, and felt her heart warming with a strange, sweet confidence, and settling into a soft repose as if the burden of cares it had borne were slipping quietly off. Benny, already with a child's instinctive trust had given his hand to the stranger, and like one in a dream, she followed where he led, nestling down with a tired sigh in the luxurious carriage where he placed her, conscious of the imprudence of putting much faith in one wholly unknown to her, yet somehow feeling no fear, no tantalizing doubt.

"It was all very strange how I came to go into the pawnbroker's," said the gentleman, whose name she had not even cared to inquire, and which he seemed to have forgotten to give. "I had no errand there that I knew of, but I felt impelled to step in and make some foolish excuse to look at something which I did not want to see at all. Then, too, I have thought of Harry Archer a great deal of late—in fact I have hardly been able to get him out of my mind. His brave, handsome face has come up before me again and again, with some pleading expression in it that troubled me sadly. Taking it all in there seems to be some special providence in our meeting to-night. Here we

are at home, and mother will be very happy to see you, be sure," he added, cheerily.

They had stopped before a handsome house which looked homelike and inviting even from the outside, with its warm light shining out through the evergreens that dotted the deep yard in front. At the door a woman with serene, beautiful face, and soft, silver hair matching her husband's, stood waiting to receive them.

"Ah, father! and so you are come at last," she said, softly.

"Yes, dear, and I have brought you welcome visitors—Harry Archer's wife and boy," he returned, with a pitying look which her quick instincts helped her to understand. She put out both hands to Nellie in warm, motherly greeting. "I am very, very happy to see you, my child," she said kindly, and drew her into the cheery parlor, managing, by the way, to bestow a gentle caress on Benny, who looked about him in happy amazement, uttering a delighted exclamation as his eye caught the glow of the heaped up anthracite in the grate, and the warmth penetrated to his chilled and benumbed sense. Such comfort and beauty breaking upon him all at once seemed too unreal, and he gazed as if he expected it momentarily to vanish. Beautiful pictures on the walls, flowers blooming in the windows and scenting all the air, books that had a kind of sacredness in his eyes, scattered plentifully here and there, soft, warm-colored lounges and easy chairs inviting rest, and roses glowing and bursting into blossom under his very feet—surely it must all fade like a dream, and he should wake in the cold little attic at home. "Have we got to Heaven, mamma?" he whispered in awe.

But mamma only smiled, nestling in her chair before the generous fire, and spreading her thin hands to the grateful warmth.

The lady of the house meantime vanished a moment from the room, and presently there was a summons to tea, and they all went out and sat down to a table spread with such luxuries as Nellie Archer and her boy had not tasted for many a month, host and hostess all the time chatting pleasantly and attending delicately to their wants, as if they were entertaining equal and honored guests, instead of dispensing charities.

"And now I will tell you about it," said the gentleman, when they had returned to the parlor, and he had placed Nellie in the coseyest of arm-chairs, and had taken Benny upon his knee.

"Did you ever hear your husband speak of a Mr. Randall, whose life he once saved?"

Nellie shook her head, leaning forward with a look of breathless interest.

"It was at the time of the great fire, twelve years ago. I had been working steadily for hours to save some portion of the property going to swift destruction, and in my excitement had grown quite reckless of danger, venturing into places where in ordinary moments nothing could have tempted me to set my foot. At last I found myself where it seemed nothing short of a miracle could save me from awful death. I had been working on the upper floor of a three-story block, helping to rescue some valuables, unconscious of the near approach of the fire, and of the flight of my co-laborers, and there I was surrounded on all sides by burning walls, the staircase by which I had ascended wrapped in a mass of flames, and every way of retreat cut off except by a window, from which I could scarcely expect to descend alive. I leaned out, gasping for breath, and shrieking to the crowd below. Ropes were thrown to me, but I was too nearly overcome by heat and exhaustion to secure them or let myself down; and briefly commanding my soul to God, I resigned myself to die. At that crisis, up the fiery stairway leaped my deliverer, seized upon me, and bound me securely to himself, dragged me out the window, and descended with me safely to the ground. And a moment after the walls fell with a crash, and there was only a rolling sea of flames where I had lately stood.

"When I got upon my feet again, I went in search of the man who had risked his life for mine, and offered him half my fortune as the least expression of my gratitude. He drew himself up proudly, put his bandaged hands behind him, and looked me bravely in the eyes. 'I do not want your money, Mr. Randall,' said he, quietly, 'but only the kindness of a brother man if ever you should find me or mine in need.'

"And that was Harry Archer, whose good, manly face I have never seen from that day to this, but which, as I told you, has haunted me incessantly of late, with some look in it that has troubled and disquieted me strangely."

There was a little silence after this, in which the woman wept softly, and Benny nestled closer to his new-found friend, and to each it seemed as if Harry Archer were standing there in their midst, mutely invoking for his helpless ones the kindly sympathy and protection of which they stood in need.

And then, little by little, Nellie was won to tell her story—not a long one, and its saddest portions delicately withheld, her griefs sacredly covered, and the pitiful shifts and straits to which she had been reduced only lightly touched upon, yet, nevertheless, understood by her breathless, sympathetic listeners.

"That is all over now," said her host, who had set Benny down, and was pacing the floor nervously. "To think I have been living here in stupid comfort, and the widow of my pre-serve suffering for the barest necessities of life! That is all ended, I say. It is late to pay the debt I owe, but, thank Heaven, not too late. From this night forward you are to consider my house your home, wherein you are to enjoy every privilege of a loved and cherished daughter."

Something of Harry Archer's pride flashed into Nellie's face.

"I cannot accept so much," she said. "Only help me to help myself, and I shall be inexpressibly grateful. But I do not wish to be dependent."

"Dependent! Who talks of dependence?" exclaimed Mr. Randall, warmly. "Would I stand here to-night pressing my meagre services upon you if your husband had not plucked me out of the very jaws of death? It is I that am dependent. Will you be so unjust and ungenerous as to deny me the privilege of expressing gratitude for the very breath I draw? And, besides, we need you. You confer, rather than receive, favors in staying with us. Mother and I are alone; our children are settled in homes of their own—some in Heaven and some on earth, and we want a daughter to pet and comfort us in our old age."

"Yes, dear child," added the silver-haired, beautiful lady by her side, leaning over to touch her hand; "we need you so much. We cannot let you go."

"You will not leave grandpa, will you, my boy?" said the gentleman, lifting Benny again to his knee.

And for answer Benny nestled close to the sheltering breast, and heaved a blissful sigh.

Was this the same life that had looked so dark and desperate a few hours ago?

It seemed to the young widow that the arms which had dropped away in the chill and stiffness of death were reaching down invisibly again to enfold her. She lifted her shining eyes in mute thankfulness. The old love, and care, and watchfulness were not withdrawn from her life. She was remembered—remembered.

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THE ROBIN'S NEST IN THE ELM.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I SHALL never forget that morning. I was bending over the cook-stove making coffee, and peeping into the oven to see if the potatoes would be baked by the time I had the rest of the breakfast ready, and I was thinking, if it wasn't for the poor men having to work so hard I wouldn't go to the trouble of cooking potatoes at all, when Bub came in and said: "I do believe, Zella, that the old robin is going to make a nest in your elm."

"Nest in my elm! oh, good! nothing in this world of little things could make me gladder!" said I, pushing my hair away back from my forehead, so I could open my eyes their widest and happiest. "That would crown my summer," I added, excitedly.

"Well, I hope she won't build there," replied Bub; "I don't see how I could stand so much small talk as we should be compelled to hear. For my part I felt a little relieved when your last canary hung himself, because I thought it would put an end to so much baby talk. I always had my misgivings though, about his death being accidental. It is my deliberate opinion that he committed suicide."

Just then zip came, the dear old robin, round the corner of the house with her mouth full of straw. She alighted on the grape vine and twinkled her beady little eyes, and tipped her head sideways as much as to say: "Ah, you and I know all about it, don't we, Zella?" and away she went up into my drooping elm, and I lost sight of her among the green leaves. I said, "Why bleas the dear old plump-breasted songstress!" and with a lighter step went about my work.

A robin building her nest close to the house, would be a very matter-of-fact occurrence to nearly all families, but to me it was a source of rejoicing.

When we, sisters and brothers, were children, long ago, my Brother Rube said to me: "There is room for two more trees out beside the path, and let us dig up and transplant for ourselves, and they will be our very own. Let us have native trees, and see which will be the nicest and grow the best."

He took a mattock and went away off to the steep side of our highest woodland, and dug up a tall, slender, quivering quaking asp. I went in another direction, and selected a

ragged, unsightly drooping elm. Oh, it was so hard to dig out! I would dig in the hard, dry ground until the tints of the rainbow would glint before my eyes, then I would lie down and rest, and then get up and dig again. My poor hands were badly blistered, and I was so tired that I only dug a small hole and put in some chip dirt, and set out my tree and watered it. Rube put his beside mine. It was a beauty, and grew all the better for being moved. Mine grew very shapely and gracefully, but slowly.

He said our trees would be like ourselves; but I guess he was sorry he said that, for a hard wind came the next summer and broke his off close to the ground. But in a little while a beautiful young tree came up from the root,

I never used to pass my tree without feeling of it, and petting it and putting my cheek to its rough, gray bark, after the manner that little girls pet kittens.

That was twenty years ago. Our two trees, tall and stately—one with trembling leaves that are never still, but always quivering and whispering, and the other high and beautiful, with drooping branches, to-day stand close to the new and more modern house, and they add much to the picturesque beauty that surrounds it.

So, when the old robin came and chose mine from among all trees in the yard in which to build her nest, and rear her brood, and fill our ears with the sweet melody of rare bird-music, it was to me a cause for rejoicing.

She selected a fork in the tree in which to build, a place that no wind however hard could loosen or disturb her nest. It was fortunately in full view of the south and east doors and windows, so that I could watch the progress of building. They both worked with a good will, and laid the foundation of coarse straw and bits of sticks, and then left it a day or two. I was afraid they had forsaken the site, but I suppose they left it to dry or settle, before they proceeded with the fine work. I believe men work on this plan somewhat.

One morning when I got up I found them both busily engaged flying hither and thither, selecting materials, and carrying mud and slashing around like beavers. When they came to the fine work or finish, one of them would

stand inside and fix things awhile, then sit down and turn around and around, to give the nest the right shape. Then it would lean its chin over the rim, and nod its head this way and that, as though smoothing down all rough, scratchy, uneven places, so that when the little birdies came everything would be comfortable.

It just seemed to me that I could understand them, and when the children wondered what their names were, I told them I knew by their looks that their names were Nancy and Jonathan. Nancy would smooth her neck all round the edges of the nest, and I would hear Jonathan twitter out in a voice quite hoarse and manly: "I say, Nannie, I think that will do. You women are over nice and particular in little things." Then he would make an attempt to pull up his collar and clear his throat, and try to pucker up his lips and appear wise.

Nancy would whimper out in a husky, screechy voice: "I don't want children of mine to be cradled in such a nest as Cousin Jenny's young uns were. I'd feel ashamed to let any robin see such a nest as that. Why, the wool hadn't been picked and sorted at all that it was lined with, and the hairs lay every which way, and the young uns were always getting their toes caught in the stitches." And Nancy would draw down her eyebrows and jerk her head jauntily, and was very particular about trifles.

The nest was finished, and Nancy was setting in a few days. It was a good time for Jonathan to make calls, and collect bills, and pay taxes, and see where the finest cherries could be found. But he was never gone long at a time. He went to visit Nancy's mother, who lived among the oaks over at the stone quarry; and called to pay a visit of condolence to an old distant relative on Goose Creek, who had flown against the telegraph wires and broken one wing; and, I believe, at Mrs. Nancy's suggestion, he attended a robins' concert down among the alders one morning, and brought her home a fine fat curling worm, and sat on the eggs while she breakfasted on it.

I heard her say as she picked her teeth and shook the wrinkles out of her skirts: "What fine marrowy worms they do have down at the alders and along the creek; they are so much better than those you get under the logs and among rotten wood; they taste kind o' wild and woodsy. And now, dear, I will sit while you go in under the eaves and take your morning nap."

I thought Jonathan was very willing to let

his poor wife stay at home. Confinement made her look dull, and listless, and dreamy-eyed, while unrestrained liberty did him good. He really grew quite heavy and portly, and his cheeks stuck out; but I don't suppose robins drink anything stronger than dew.

One morning early, while I was washing, I heard a great commotion in the elm, and hurried out to see what was the matter.

Jonathan was standing on one side of the nest, with his thumbs sticking in his armholes and his head thrown back. Nancy stood wearily on the other side, a sad, sweet expression on her face. With a voice half coo and half caress, she was saying: "Oh, you little beauties, you exceed my fondest dreams!"

He said: "I tell you, Nancy, the small one has your eye and forehead, and the very identical dimple in the chin; it will be the very image of its mother," and he sidled and laughed and tried to look very affectionate.

"Oh!" she said, "the other one looks just like you; there is a haughty toss of the head, and a curl of the lip, a manly dignity about it, young as it is, that makes me think of you," and she simpered, and giggled, and smoothed the faded red feathers on her frowzy breast. That was how I found out that there were two of them.

Well, I watched the old ones feed their young for several days before a sign of a little pink-and-gray fleshy head could be seen above the rim of the nest; but one morning I heard a whirring, chirring sound in the elm that I had not heard before. I looked up, and from over the rim hung two unsightly, grizaly little heads. Jonathan's dignified little image was a good deal the larger and stronger. He looked quite manly. He opened his fishy eyes as widely as an owl would, and stared unwinkingly at me.

I said: "Good-morning, little fellows! morning!"

They laid their whole heads apart like young alligators, and wheezed out: "Whee-a-h-h, whee-a-h-h."

If I had been a little boy, I do believe I should have thrown a stick toward them; but as it was, I thought young birds were very ugly looking, and should not try to answer at all when anybody spoke to them in a complimentary way.

I was very much amused one afternoon. We keep no cats at all—they are crafty and dishonest, and I won't have one around—and because of this the birds, and squirrels, and chippies, and innocent things have full free-

dom in and robbing the birds.

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dom in our yards, and on our trees, and vines, and roofs, just the same as in the woods. An unsophisticated little squirrel had been watching the robin's nest, and wondering what was in it that drew so heavily upon the attention of the birds, Nannie and Jonathan.

One day it sat on the edge of the roof a long while watching. It would rub its ears, and rub its eyes, and flirt from one side to the other, and while the old birds were away hunting food it made up its mind to see what was in the elm. So he gave his feathery tail a flip and started down the house. He stopped on a shutter, winked a little bit, and then ran on, jumped into the top of the maple and peered over inquisitively. He couldn't see clearly. He sprang into the top of a plum-tree, ran to its outer branches and alighted on one of the long lithe limbs of the elm. He listened; there was no danger. Jonathan and Nancy had stopped at a berry patch, where the purple fruit hung ripe, and tempting, and sweet-smelling, and free for man, or beast, or bird.

He stole slowly along on tiptoe with his plump tail laid up over his back, so that the leaves would rustle softly if they touched its tender down. He walked very slowly for a squirrel, so cautiously that the seconds were passing and the old birds were getting their fill, and wiping the stains from their mouths, and packing up their worms preparatory to a homeward flight. He reached the nest softly, and was peering in with his fore paws laid up over the edge. He was making fun of the sleeping little treasures, when a whirr of wings stirred the leaves above his head, and the old birds, laden with worms, and bugs, and berries, darted down to the nest. Nancy dropped her burden, and as the squirrel ran down the tree she took after him.

She pounced on his head, caught him by one ear and whirled her body round, and twisted his ear until it looked like a bit of a flabby string.

Jonathan stood over the nest enraged and called out: "Pursue him, Nancy; kill him; tear off his proud tail, pick out his villainous eyes, and scatter every hair of his cheap fur to the winds!" Both bird and squirrel fell to the ground, and there seemed to be a fierce combat between a pair of fluttering wings and a feathery tail—squeaks and shrieks rose on the air, while Jonathan's sharp shrill, "Hurrah, Nancy!" could be heard from a safe place high up in the elm.

At last the squirrel escaped, and the bird darted after, and it seemed to me that she kicked and cuffed him real humanly, until he

reached a hole in the siding of the old house into which he slipped suddenly, dragging his battered tail, while his ears lopped down and his fur all turned the wrong way. She called him ill names, and scolded, and forbade his ever showing his face out in the sunshine again. When she returned to the nest they examined the young birds all over, to see if they were hurt, or any of their bones broken, or their precious little feathers pulled out.

Jonathan said very deliberately, after the examination was over: "It is my opinion, Nancy, that the fellow was only a poor travelling phrenologist, and that he saw they were no common birds, and perhaps he contemplated taking a cast of their heads."

"Well, I'll teach any interloper like him to keep out of my way, prowling around when little robins are asleep, and the mother absent. Let him come when I'm at home and ask to see them as a gentleman should," and she smoothed her ruffled feathers, and wiped the perspiration off her forehead and ears.

It was not long until the young ones could sit out on the branches, and gape about with a see-saw motion of their bodies, that often resulted in a tumble to the ground.

I saw the one who was his father's image try to eat a hard-shell bug one morning. He acted just like a poor little boy with his first chew of tobacco. He would chew awhile, and then take it out and rest, and look at it wistfully. Then he would try the other end of it, and find it so flinty that he would drop it, and after a good many attempts he threw it away in disgust.

The shell was so hard and shiny that he couldn't reach the kernel, and though he hated to give it up he had to.

They still live among these home trees in the yard, and I hope another year they will multiply ten-fold.

These domestic robins are full of song; in the spring and summer mornings their melody seems to fill our house as would a strong-voiced, sweet-toned piano. We sing back in happy response, and fully comprehend each other.

Just as soon as Nancy and Jonathan felt that the young robins could make their own living, they built another nest and reared another pair of songsters. This time the nest was in the old roof tree—the apple-tree that was called for me when I was a chubby, five-years-old, and loving hands planted it in the sunniest spot. The branches of the old tree sweep against my up-stairs bedroom window. The great limbs reached out and scratched the

carpenters when they built the new home; but the same loving hands, tender as in benediction, drew them aside and tied them out of the way, to save them for one who loves every quivering leaf on her mossy tree. Oh, the dear robins whose glad throats swell with sweet songs in the spring-time!

It may seem a little thing to others, but to me it did seem a special favor coming from the tender love of One of whom we read, that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. What a tender way of sending a blessing down!

Since the robins came to my drooping elm and filled its beautiful branches with the melody of song, it seems to me set apart like a sanctuary. Among the other trees in the yard, it stands aloof like a priestess in her flowing robes, so like are the drooping branches unto the graceful folds of drapery.

And so, when the silver-throated robins come again with the return of another spring, we only hope their glad wings will bear them hither, and that they may find an abiding place in the breezy depths of its green foliage.

CRADLE SONG.

BY M. E. ROCKWELL.

SWEETLY, baby, sweetly rest,
Little hands upon thy breast
Folded in repose,
While I part with tender care
Folds of softest, nut-brown hair
Back from cheeks of rose.
Sweetly, baby, sweetly sleep,
While I loving vigils keep
O'er thy pillow'd head,
Soft as summer rain-drops flow
Breathing music tender, low,
By thy cradle bed.
Sweetly, baby, sleep and dream,
May but blessed visions beam
O'er thy pure young soul;
May good angels' hallowed art,
Weave a spell around thy heart
Ever to control.
Yet, my baby, I would seem
Nearer, even in thy dream,
Than the angels bright;
Jealously I yield thy care,
E'en in baby-dreamland fair,
To their arms of light!
Dreamless still of grief and sin,
Dreamless of life's toil and din,
Of its sorrows deep;
Angel-guarded, pure and blest,
Guiltless hands on guileless breast,
Sweetly, baby, sleep.

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

MOTHERS of an earnest and thoughtful nature realize more, perhaps, in daily experience, than any other class, the force of the apostolic caution—"Ye have need of patience." Dear as a child is, there comes many an hour when flesh, and nerve, and brain are strained and wearied almost beyond endurance. The constant cares of infancy and restless childhood, the anxieties of sickness, and difficulties of moral and mental training; all these press on the mother. And sometimes the responsibility she feels seems to her the heaviest burden of all.

Truly, she "has need of patience," but coupled with this: "If," she says—"if my boy grows up to honorable manhood, if his feet keep the way of integrity and purity, I shall be well repaid for all my care."

Time, watchfulness, thought, effort—and all inspired by and springing from love—these are needed, but not anxiety. When the will of the Father is done, the promised blessing becomes an inheritance. The hope should grow out of the duty, and be to patience as flower to stem. The fruit will come in good time.

The path of the hopeful mother is sunlighted all along. Shadows may sometimes gather, but they are fleeting, and prove the sunshine. Her children are freest and happiest, and her motherhood becomes her crown!

FLOWERS AND SHRUBS.—Why does not every lady who can afford it, have a geranium or some other flower in her window? It is very cheap—its cheapness is next to nothing if you raise it from seed, or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It was the remark of Leigh Hunt, that it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter even a hateful thing, even if you neglect it; for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and, such being the case, and living as it does, purely to do you good, afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it? We receive, in imagination, the scent of these good-natured leaves, which allow you to carry off their perfume on your fingers; for good-natured they are in that respect above all other plants, and fitted for the hospitality of your room. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it—something analogous to clothing and comfort.

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MADAME DE STAËL.

BY C.

ANNA Maria Louisa Germaine Necker was born in Paris, in 1766. Her father was a remarkable instance of the power of integrity and persevering industry to raise a man from obscurity to a position where the eyes of all France were fixed on him, as the only hope for the salvation of their country from bankruptcy, to the very verge of which the disastrous reign of Louis the Fifteenth had brought them. When Necker, the wealthy Swiss banker, became minister of finance to Louis the Sixteenth, his influence was speedily and beneficially felt in the restoration of public credit, and in various reforms great and small, which testified that a clear head and a strong hand were at work. And though he had many enemies, being both a Protestant and a foreigner, he made his name illustrious, and became very popular, and would never accept any compensation for his invaluable services. Her mother was the daughter of a Swiss clergyman, and was highly educated and accomplished, and was the only teacher her daughter ever had.

Madame Necker's ideas of training were quite rigid, and, to a child of Germaine's impulsive nature, far too severe to be palatable; and though she succeeded admirably in some respects, guiding her naturally fine taste into the choicest paths of literature, she could never repress her ardent temperament. She was a child of genius. At sixteen, she wrote a drama for the amusement of her friends, and soon after "Letters on Rousseau," a sort of apology for him, and full of admiration for that great man. Her enthusiasm showed itself in all her works.

She was married at the age of twenty, through her mother's management, to Baron de Staël-Holstein, the Swedish minister. This marriage gave her rank and position in society; but there was little in the wishes or sympathies of the parties to recommend it; and, as it was a marriage of convenience, the result was such as might have been expected from one of her nature.

They had two children. The son was Baron Auguste de Staël-Holstein, and the daughter, Albertine, Duchess de Broglie, both eminent for virtue and piety. They died in the prime of lives of usefulness. Auguste was the founder

of a Bible society, and was so earnest in his efforts for the abolition of the slave trade, that he was called the Wilberforce of France.

The husband of Madame de Staël had no idea of the value of money, and spent her immense dower so rapidly that she was obliged to return the remnant of it to her father's safe keeping for her children.

The husbands of illustrious women are apt to become nonentities.

A visitor at her dinner once inquired of her: "Where is that quiet old gentleman we used to see at your table so often?"

"That was my husband," she replied; "he is dead."

Baron de Staël died in 1802. After his death, Madame de Staël married M. Roca, a young officer, but the marriage was not made public on account of her reluctance to part with a name so long identified with her literary fame.

She wrote many well-known works, some of which were, "Literature Considered in Relation to Social Institutions," "Delphine," "Corinne," and "Germany." After ten thousand copies of this last work were printed, they were seized by order of Napoleon.

When Madame de Staël wrote "Corinne," she was travelling in Italy; her impressions are rendered in a work full of eloquent remarks on scenery, manners, and art, unsurpassed as a poetical description of a poetical country. It has been a number of times translated into every European language, and is the work on which her literary reputation rests. Both she and her productions were severely criticised and censured by the press.

Madame de Staël was not a thorough republican; she believed that liberty was not impossible in a monarchy, and that France would one day be free under a king. Whatever mistakes she made, no one can doubt her sincerity of purpose, and all allow that her genius shone brightly among the many stars which adorned the literature of her age.

She and her writings were alike obnoxious to Napoleon. He used to say: "Whatever her subject be, whether history, politics, or romance, after reading her books the people do not like me."

And before his day she was no favorite with

the rulers. At one time during the reign of terror, she barely escaped from Paris with her life, having first saved the lives of Prince Talleyrand, and seven others of the nobility of France, who had been condemned to die. They, with many other illustrious exiles, formed a settlement near Richmond, in England, and lived there a number of years. Their property had been seized, and they were very poor, and the means these flowers of the ancient nobility were obliged to resort to, that they might even live, were at times ludicrous in the extreme.

After Napoleon came into power, she returned to Coppet, to her father's chateau, where she enjoyed the ancient park and grounds as she never did before. This place is nine miles from Geneva, in Switzerland. Afterward she removed to Paris, when Napoleon attempted in vain to receive her support; but finding she would not favor his views, he ordered her to quit Paris, and not to remain within forty leagues of the city. She had always looked with distrust on his designs. After this she was closely watched, but at last succeeded in making her escape to England a second time. She was obliged to proceed by a tedious overland journey through Germany, Russia, and Sweden, the seaports being all closely watched by the French.

She became a devout Christian a few years before her death. She had one son by her last marriage, and died at Geneva at the age of fifty-seven, but was buried at the old cemetery at Coppet with her father and mother.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

TEACH THEM TO HATE IT.

SENSIBLE parents, who would have their children well educated, talk much with them of the value of education, or provide for them the very best teachers, books, instruments, and appliances to aid them in the proper courses of study. Nor are they content with this. They question them about their studies, visit, when practicable, the schools they attend, and manifest to their children, in a variety of ways, their anxiety that nothing which they can supply shall be wanting to their success. Their good sense prompts them to do for their secular education what Moses commanded the Hebrews to do for the instruction of their children, in reference to the commandments and statutes of the Lord—"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt

talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Now, if parents who would guard their children from the sin, the suffering, and slavery of intemperance, would set to work in the sensible way indicated above, we should have less lamentation over the ruin of children by the wine cup and its natural successor, the whisky bottle. We knew a physician, some twenty-five years since, who had half a dozen boys growing up around him. When taking his professional round, or travelling for other purposes in their company, he used to talk with them, as he passed the wretched, dilapidated home of the drunkard, of the causes of the ruin they witnessed; and, on the contrary, point them to the comparative neatness, beauty, and comfort of the homes of those who abstained from the use of intoxicants, and wisely cared for their interests. Very many brief lectures did those boys get from the father on all those aspects and results of intemperance which their young heads could comprehend. At home, their mother taught the same important lessons with no less diligence. They were instructed to hate the whole liquor system, and to regard tippling habits with supreme contempt. As they advanced in years, the best books and papers were placed in their hands, and they were taken from time to time to temperance meetings and conventions, where they heard the subject discussed in its various aspects.

What now was the result of all this? Six sons grew to manhood, and, altogether, never drank a glass of intoxicating liquor in their lives; and I, some time since, heard the father state in public that, all together, they had never caused him nor their mother one hour of sorrow by acts of unkindness, or insubordination, or yielding to vicious courses. Had not those parents a rich reward for their faithfulness? O parents! train your children to hate and despise the practice of moderate drinking as well as drunkenness, which is but one of the many penalties of the sin of drinking.

SOME men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

BETTER in God's sight are the broken but heartfelt utterances of a child than the high-flown utterances of some who think themselves wonderful in prayer.

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TO GIVE IS TO LIVE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE house was a marvel of architectural beauty, and its furniture the richest and most elegant that Paris could supply. All that money was able to procure for the heart's satisfaction had the princely owner of this splendid mansion gathered around him. Was he happy? We shall see.

"Is Mr. Goldwin at home?" asked a gentleman at the door of this mansion.

"Yes, sir." And the visitor was shown into the library, where Mr. Goldwin sat alone.

"Ah, Mr. Latimer! Glad to see you."

And the two men shook hands with the cordiality of friends.

When they were seated, each regarding the other with a kindly interest, Mr. Latimer said familiarly and with genuine warmth:

"It is pleasant to look into your face again. I could not pass through the city without seeing you."

"I should have been sorry if you had done so. Old friends are worth more than new. That's my experience."

"You are not looking so well as when I last saw you?" and Mr. Latimer leaned closely to his friend and scanned his face narrowly. "Not as well in either mind or body, I should say."

"You read the signs aright," Mr. Goldwin answered.

"What's the meaning of it?" asked his friend. "A man who counts his two or three millions ought to be at ease in mind, and have full opportunity to look after his bodily condition."

"As to the ease of mind," was replied, "that is something which great wealth does not bring; but rather care and worry, and vexation of spirit. I give you my experience, and observation tells me that it differs little from that of other men in my position."

"What are you doing with your money?" queried the friend.

"Doing as other men—seeking to make it as largely productive as possible."

"Adding bond to bond, house to house, land to land?"

"Yes."

"Are you six, or ten, or twenty per cent, happier every year, according to the ratio of increase in your fortune?"

Mr. Goldwin, whose eyes had been resting

on the floor in a dreary kind of stare, raised them quickly to the face of his friend and looked at him curiously.

"You never thought of that?"

"No."

"What profit, then, if our gains do not add to our happiness—if we do not reap a double interest?"

"None that I can see," answered Mr. Goldwin.

"There must be a mistake somewhere in the calculation of most men who get rich. They seek wealth as above all things desirable; and yet a happy rich man is rarely if ever found. Some that I know are among the most miserable people to be found."

Mr. Goldwin heaved a deep sigh, but made no answer.

"There is no reason why a rich man should not be among the happiest on earth; for to him God has given the largest opportunity."

"In the means of enjoyment?"

"Yes."

"From some sad defect in the order of things, these means do not reach the end so much desired," said Mr. Goldwin.

"Our own fault in a misuse of the means."

"You were always a preaching philosopher," said Mr. Goldwin, with a forced smile. "I'm in a listening mood. Go on."

"The Being who made us," resumed his friend, "is the richest and happiest in all the wide universe. He created us for happiness, and stamped upon us His image and His likeness. The law of His happiness He made the law of our happiness. Can we be anything but miserable if we violate that law? Now what is that law?"

Mr. Goldwin did not answer.

"The Lord is a giver—never a receiver. Always and forever He is giving to His creatures; first life, and then everything to make that life blessed. Are you a giver, my dear old friend?"

Mr. Goldwin's head drooped slowly until it rested on his bosom. Very still he sat for a long time. A dim perception of what his friend meant began to dawn upon his mind.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Latimer, "for any creature who violates the true order of his being to be happy? Let us take an illustration: Suppose the lungs, instead of giving back

to the heart for distribution through the arteries and veins the blood that is constantly pouring in upon it, were selfishly to keep the rich treasure of life to themselves, would not congestion, pain, and death be the result. 'To give is to live,' is a saying full of the profoundest truth; and so is this other saying: 'We only possess what we have bestowed.' God is the great Giver; and only in the degree that we are like Him can we be happy. This is the burden of all preaching and the essence of all Scripture. To seek for happiness in any other way is fruitless."

Mr. Goldwin lifted his head and looked for some moments earnestly into his friend's face.

"To give is to live." He repeated the sentence in a slow and thoughtful manner. "I have heard that saying before, but did not see its meaning. It touched my ear as an idle play upon words."

"It involves the whole philosophy of life," answered Mr. Latimer. "It expresses the law stamped on all nature, animate, and inanimate. The earth gives its vitalizing force to seeds and nourishes the tender roots. The roots send up the living juices they receive and give them to the growing stems and trunk; these in turn send forward the treasures of life to the branch, leaves, and flowers; and these again conspire with the whole plant or tree for the production of fruits and seeds that are for the use of man and beast. Nothing for itself—each and all for others. This is God's image and likeness in creation. But man obliterates that image and likeness, and sets at naught the divine law. Is it any wonder that all through life his way is strewn thickly with disappointment, sorrow, and pain? How could it be otherwise? If a clear stream breaks from its narrow boundary and goes wandering off into low meadow-lands, where nature has made no channel for its course, shall we be surprised to find it in after years the source of poisonous miasmas and marshy wastes full of foul and hurtful creatures? All evil is but some perverted good—the violation of some divine law; and all mental pain has this origin and this alone. If we seek happiness in obedience to the law of our being, we will find it—if not, not. The rule has no exception."

"Rich and poor are alike bound," said Mr. Goldwin, drawing a deep breath as he spoke.

"Alike bound," answered his friend. "They who regard only themselves, be they high or low, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, will find no true peace or rest either in this world or the next."

A servant opened the door and said: "Mr. Orton is here."

"Tell him to come in," answered Mr. Goldwin, without rising. "My agent," he said, speaking to Mr. Latimer. "I will detain him only a few minutes to-day."

A small, hard-faced man of about fifty came in.

"Anything special?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"It can wait until to-morrow, I presume. I'm engaged to-day."

"Not very well, sir. It is the matter of Hart & Wilson's rent. We must give notice of an advance to-day, or they will hold over for another year at five thousand; and we can get six thousand just as well as not. It would cost them twice this advance to move, besides deranging their business. I'd put the rate at seven thousand if I were you. They'll pay it rather than risk the loss of going into another neighborhood."

"Have you talked with them about an advance?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Yes, sir."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, talked like all the rest of them—made a dreadful poor mouth. Said their business hadn't earned a dollar for the last six months. But all this goes in one ear and out of the other with me. I'm used to it. The store is worth to you what it will bring, and you ought to get it."

"Business has not been good for the past year," said Mr. Goldwin.

"That's nothing to us, sir. Real estate keeps up, and good business places like this one are in demand. If Hart & Wilson can't make the rent, somebody else can. Shall I give them notice of an advance?"

Mr. Goldwin did not reply immediately. A struggle to which he was wholly unused was going on in his mind.

"A thousand dollars," he said at length, speaking in a low, reflective tone, "will not be much to me. Whether added to or taken away from my income, I shall not perceive the difference. But to these men, exposed to all the perils of business, safety or ruin may turn on the pivot of this sum. No, Mr. Orton, I will not advance the rent."

The agent's look of surprise was a commentary on his principal's usual determination in such cases.

"These men have you to thank," said Mr. Goldwin as Orton retired. "But for our talk, I would have raised the rent."

"And in so doing added nothing to your happiness."

"Nothing."

"Do you feel better or worse, for this humane consideration of others?" asked Mr. Latimer. "Look down into your consciousness and see how the case stands. Is the sense of failure to add a thousand dollars to your income for the next year strong enough to obliterate the satisfaction that pervades your heart with the very warmth of Heaven?"

"It is not strong enough," said the rich man. "Ah, my friend!" he added, with earnestness, "you have opened for me the door of a new world, and given me glimpses of a new order of life. I feel something here," and he laid his hand against his breast, "that I have never felt before—a rest, a peace, a satisfaction that no gain of money, no matter how large, ever produced."

"The reason is clear," answered his friend. "You have considered another's good rather than your own; and in so doing have turned from self to God—turned as a flower turns to the sun and receives light and warmth into its bosom."

"You speak in attractive metaphor," said Mr. Goldwin.

"No, in plain truth. We turn our souls from God when we turn our affections to self and the world; and then, of course, we are in darkness, cold, disquietude, and pain: how could it be otherwise, when God is the only source of light and warmth, of tranquillity and joy? We turn ourselves toward him when, like him, we seek the good of others, and the blessedness of his life begins to flow into ours."

"A new gospel," said Mr. Goldwin, with feeling.

"No. It is two thousand years old: 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them.'"

Another caller was announced.

"Mr. Bacon," said a gentleman who was shown into the library, thus introducing himself. "Mr. Bacon, of the firm of Hallet & Bacon."

"Oh, yes. I've not had the pleasure of meeting you before," replied Mr. Goldwin, courteously. "Be seated."

"I have called to see you about a new lease," said the visitor, coming at once to his subject.

"My agent, Mr. Orton, will arrange that business for you." Mr. Goldwin spoke with a slight change of countenance, as though the subject were an unpleasant one.

"Pardon my intrusion, sir," replied the visitor; "but in this matter we ask, as a favor, to confer with you, as we cannot make Mr. Orton comprehend the situation of affairs. He is as inflexible as iron."

"Say on; I shall be pleased to confer with you;" and Mr. Goldwin's manner softened.

"Our lease will expire in May next," said Mr. Bacon. "We have been paying nine thousand dollars a year, and Mr. Orton says that the lease will not be renewed at less than eleven thousand. Such an advance for us is out of the question. Our business does not justify even the present rate."

"You are old tenants, and have always paid promptly," replied Mr. Goldwin. "If the case is as you say, there shall be no increase of rent."

The countenance of Mr. Bacon lightened, but a shadow still rested upon it. Mr. Goldwin observed this, and said: "Will that be satisfactory?"

"It would be entirely so if we were able to make any fair calculation in regard to business. But we are not. Everything is working downward, as you know, and next year's earnings may be far less than the poor returns of this. In that case, nine thousand dollars taken out for rent would scarcely leave an amount equal to our expenses. We do not expect to make money as things are; but we wish to keep up our business connections and hold our own until affairs get into a more stable and healthy condition. Is it asking too much of our landlord that he take some share in the evil as well as the good? His real estate is sure, but our business is not. His principal cannot be touched; ours may be swept away in some sudden disaster."

"How much rent can you pay?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Seven thousand is the utmost we feel that it would be safe for us to undertake."

"Suppose I will not come down? What then?"

"We shall consider the subject carefully, and decide to hold on or move, as seems best. If you will give a new lease at seven thousand dollars a year, we are ready to take it; if you will not, then we must look around and see what offers."

Mr. Goldwin mused for some time.

"Two thousand dollars a year for five years," he said to himself, "will be ten thousand dollars. A handsome sum to throw into the street."

The sympathy he had begun to feel for the

struggling merchants died out, and the old hardness of heart returned.

"I will think about it," he replied to Mr. Bacon, in a brisk and rather sharp voice.

"When shall we know about it?" asked the other.

"In a day or two; or as soon as I can confer with Mr. Orton, my agent."

Mr. Bacon arose, bowed and withdrew.

"You see how it is," said Mr. Goldwin to his friend, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes, I see," replied Mr. Latimer.

"They'd want my store for nothing, if I were weak enough to give them the rent."

"Your way of putting it," said Mr. Latimer, a smile playing about his lips.

"A gentleman wishes to see you."

The servant had opened the door for the third time.

Mr. Goldwin gave a kind of nervous start as he took the card handed him by the servant and read the name—"EDWARD S. LINCOLN."

"More trouble about rents," he said, aside, to his friend. "I shall put a stop to this." Then, speaking to the servant, he told him to show Mr. Lincoln into the library. The visitor, with care written all over his face, entered. When seated, he opened the business on which he came without circumlocution. There was a tremor of anxiety in his voice. Mr. Goldwin was right. It was another case of "trouble about rent." But the landlord felt irritated. Interrupting the speaker before half through, he said in a hard, impatient way:

"My agent, Mr. Orton, attends to these matters, and I must beg to refer you to him."

"We can do nothing with your agent," replied the visitor, in a half-distressed, half indignant tone of voice.

"I'm sorry for you, then, but cannot help it." The cold indifference with which this was said sent a chill along Mr. Latimer's nerves. The voice seemed scarcely like that of his friend.

"You will not consider our case?" said Mr. Lincoln, rising.

"No, sir; Mr. Orton is my business agent."

The merchant withdrew, anger and disappointment darkening his face.

"You see again," said Mr. Goldwin, turning to his friend, with the hardness still in his eye.

"Yes, I see again," was the brief answer.

"If I hadn't an agent to stand between me and these men, they would worry the life out of me."

"What life?" asked Mr. Latimer.

"I don't understand you," Mr. Goldwin looked puzzled.

"The life that seeks happiness in getting, or in giving?"

A few swift changes swept over the face of Mr. Goldwin. He started from his chair and walked the floor rapidly. Then he sat down, looking thoughtful and subdued.

"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them?" Mr. Latimer spoke in a low voice and with impressive earnestness. "My dear old friend," he added, after a brief silence, "I would not urge this matter upon you if you were professedly given over to the service of self and the world. But you are not. In early childhood a pious mother stored your memory with heavenly truths, and led your feet into the ways of kindness and charity. As you grew toward manhood, the good seeds thus planted sent down roots into your mind, and leaves and blossoms unfolded in the air and sunshine. After awhile you became a member of the Church, and a partaker of its solemn ordinances. You took upon you, before men and angels, the name of Christ; and you are hoping for salvation in His name. Now, a name signifies quality. You cannot be saved through His name unless you have His quality; and He cannot give you this quality unless you live in obedience to His laws. We must abide in the Vine, and draw life from the Vine, or be cast off as unfruitful. We must be like our Lord, or we cannot live with Him in Heaven."

Mr. Goldwin's head was bent again on his bosom. He sat motionless, almost, as a statue.

"There are two lives," continued the friend—"a natural life, into which each of us is born, and a spiritual life into which we come through regeneration. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again. The natural loves self, and the spiritual loves the neighbor. The natural seeks to draw everything to itself; the spiritual finds its highest delight in giving of its good things to others. If we are born of God, we have the love of giving in our souls; but if we are not born of God, our delight is in getting and holding. Each one of us, by self examination, may know which life rules—the heavenly or the earthly."

"There is no doubt in my case," said Mr. Goldwin, speaking in a firm voice; "It is the earthly, and not the heavenly."

"What then?"

"Ah! that is the momentous question."

"The pivot on which all your future turns," said Mr. Latimer.

"What shall I do?"

"Settle, first, in your own mind, your true relation to God and man; and then compel yourself, through divine strength—which will be given if you ask for it—'Ask, and ye shall receive'—to do what you see to be right. To God your relation is that of one who receives bountifully of His natural blessings. He has entrusted you with large wealth—a thousand times more than you can use for bodily and mental well-being—entrusted it to you that you may be a free or a constrained dispenser of His bounty. If, from a love of the neighbor, you are a free dispenser, then your blessing is doubled; if, from a love of self only, a constrained dispenser, you lose the blessing of both receiver and giver. Your relation to man I need hardly state; it is involved in what I have just said."

"Then I must sell all that I have and give to the poor," said Mr. Goldwin, strong lines gathering on his forehead.

"All the riches of pride and self-love, and become poor in spirit, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The lines faded off from Mr. Goldwin's forehead, and light as from some new revelation paled the shadows on his face.

"You are leading me into the thought of new and better things," he said. "I see a divine philosophy never understood before. God has given me great possessions, and laid on me, at the same time, great responsibilities. How shall I meet these responsibilities?"

"Not by shifting them off on another, my friend. If any wrong is done in the administration of your trust, it will avail nothing, when your final accounts are settled, to say 'Mr. Orton is my agent; go to him.'"

Mr. Goldwin gave a start. A slight pallor overspread his face.

"You have a novel way of putting things, my friend," he remarked, a huskiness in his voice.

"A true way, I hope, was the reply.

"Too true for my comfort. Your visit has not made me a happier man."

"If it help to make you a better man, then I know that you will be a happier man. Shall I not be content?"

It would weary the reader were we to put on record all the long conversation that followed. Was it fruitless? Let us see.

A year later. Time, evening. Mr. Goldwin sitting alone in his library. A visitor enters.

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"Why, Latimer! Was thinking of you this moment. Glad to see you again!"

And the two men shook hands with the cordiality of real friends. As they still held each other tightly by the hand, eyes reading eyes, Mr. Latimer said:

"It is well with you, I see. Body and mind in better condition than they were a year ago?"

"I hope so."

"Life not worried out?"

"No," answering with a quiet smile.

"Mr. Orton saves you from that damage?"

A flash, as from some old fire of indignation, burned for a moment across Mr. Goldwin's face.

"He is no longer my agent."

"Ah! I'm pleased at that. I hope your present agent has a heart of flesh and not of stone."

"He is at least trying to administer with judgment and justice."

"Tempered with humanity, I hope?" said Mr. Latimer.

"I hope so. I am my own agent."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; and the result is a loss of income for the last year of over twelve thousand dollars as compared with the previous year."

"And the gain—what of that?"

"I am not able to count the gain, it is so large." The voice that said this was clear of utterance and full of satisfaction.

"Of what does it consist?"

"Of so many things that I fail to make the enumeration."

"Mention a few. I am deeply interested."

"I have quietude of mind, instead of the old restless, dissatisfied states that often made my days and nights a burden. The hours I devote each day to a careful administration of my affairs give my thoughts a healthy activity; and the knowledge I get of the men to whom my property is leased, and the nature and condition of their business, enables me to be considerate and just; and this brings its own reward, deep and pure."

"Above all that can be counted in dollars and cents?"

"Yes, far above. I think now, of two men, who, if Orton had remained my agent, would have gone into bankruptcy. They are out of danger to-day. They were tardy in paying their rent. I asked an interview, and kindly invited their confidence, for I believed them to be honest. They showed me their business. It had been prudently conducted, but was not

large enough to justify the rent they were paying. Two or three losses had embarrassed them. They were disheartened. I pitied them, and, losing sight for the time of my own interests, thought only of theirs. I put myself temporarily in their place, and considered their affairs as if they were my own. The rent, as I have said, was too high; it had been paying me a very large percentage on the value of the property. I made it lower. It would have done you good had you seen the surprise and relief that lit up their faces when I volunteered a reduction. I did more: I said, 'Meet your more pressing demands, and let me wait to a more convenient season; only see that I am kept secure.'

"Well, they weathered the storm, and I have been paid to the last dollar. It would have been very different with those men had Orton remained my agent; and very different with me."

"You never think of this without a feeling of deep satisfaction," said Mr. Latimer.

"Never."

"The memory of a good deed is a perpetual delight. It is a treasure laid up in the heaven of our minds, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where theives do not break through and steal. Oh, my friend, what golden opportunities the Good Father has placed in your way! You have gold and silver in lavish abundance, and God is showing you how it may be transmuted into imperishable riches."

A servant entered, and gave Mr. Goldwin a letter. He broke the seal and read it, in silence, twice over. Mr. Latimer, who was watching his face, saw a flood of light pass over it.

"From a lady, but anonymous."

"Ah! the contents give you pleasure, I see."

"I will read it for you," and Mr. Goldwin read:

"DEAR AND HONORED SIR: A grateful wife and mother writes to you in the fulness of her heart, impelled by an inner dictate which she cannot disregard. You had my husband in your power—he was legally and morally bound to you in a contract, the enforcement of which on your part would have been ruin. He stood on the edge of a gulf, and your hand could pull him back or push him in. If you had considered only yourself, as most men do, I shudder to think of how it might be with me and mine to-day. Something far worse than poverty would, I fear, be our bitter portion. May He who put it into your heart to be merciful b'ess you with even more abundance of

this world's goods, and with the higher blessing of eternal riches in Heaven.

"Truly yours,

"A GRATEFUL WIFE AND MOTHER."

"Do you guess the writer's name?" asked Mr. Latimer.

"No; how can I think, at this moment, of any transaction like that to which she refers?"

"You are learning to live, I see," said Mr. Latimer—"are finding out the secret of happiness—are truly enjoying the wealth that, a year ago, like great masses of stagnant water, was filling your soul with oppression and sickening miasmas. The air, so poisonous then, is clear and wholesome to-day, and every breath of it you inhale reddens your blood with a new vitality, that is felt in pleasant thrills through every artery and vein of your moral being."

"For all of which I thank you, as a wise and faithful friend," answered Mr. Goldwin.

"Rather," was replied, "let your thanks go to Him who put it into my heart to speak words of truth and soberness, which, happily fell like good seed into good ground, bringing forth in due season a harvest of blessings."

ONCE.

BY HOPE OLLIS.

ONCE, only once,
And long ago,
How many years
I hardly know—
Once, only once
That form I met;
Fond memory
Can ne'er forget.
Once, only once
Those speaking eyes
Looked into mine
With glad surprise.
Once, only once
I heard that voice,
Whose music made
My heart rejoice.
Once, only once
That hand I met,
Whose magic touch
Is with me yet.
Once, only once,
As pilgrims here,
May each to each
In time appear—
Once, only once
On earthly shore;
But up in Heaven—
Forevermore!

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A DOLLAR A DAY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER IX.

"BOYS, do you know it? We've pulled B through without a fight!"

It was past midnight when Cressy Forsyth put her head into the chamber and confronted her brothers in their shirt sleeves, getting ready, at last, for bed. The rooms where the boys slept connected by folding doors, and to-night the brothers were together, talking over, excitedly, the jolly evening they had had, the fun that was to be to-morrow, when the young, triumphant voice broke in upon them.

Looking up, they saw Cressy standing in the door, in her white night-gown, a crimson cloak gathered across her shoulders, and her hair, shaken all out, a brownish, goldenish cloud about her face and neck.

Such a pretty, picturesque sight as it was—I despair of giving you any idea of it. People always look the best on the most commonplace occasions—when the beauty is all wasted so far as sensation and effect are concerned.

Here was Cressy Forsyth, for instance, in her night-gown, with her hair loose, just ready to jump into bed, yet I doubt whether a real artist, seeing her a thousand times before, in her jewels and handsome dresses, would not have chosen this time to paint her, when she stood there putting her face in at the door, eyes and voice full of a glad excitement and triumph.

Even the boys, whose aesthetic sensibilities had hardly been cultivated in the way of art, were struck a little by the vision:

"Oh, do come in, Cressy!" they shouted, with noisy mirth; and she came in, gathering the scarlet cloak a little closer about her, saying: "Hush! boys; now papa will hear you; and you know how he packed us off to bed."

"Christmas don't come but once a year: I say a fellow ought to have the whole benefit of it!" exclaimed Proctor. "What's the use of going to bed at all?"

"Ah, but you'll find the use of it before to-morrow night!" said Cressy, decidedly. I'd just crawled in myself, when it flashed across me that we had not had a squabble to-day; and I couldn't wait until to-morrow morning—I just jumped up, threw on my slippers and this old cloak, and run across to tell you boys. Isn't it splendid?"

"That we've been saints one day. It's a new

kind of sensation, anyhow," said Ramsey, keeping the joke uppermost, whatever might lie beneath it.

"It's a pleasant one, anyhow," said Cressy, tripping over to the register and squatting down on a stool, while the wavy cloud whose hue had caused her so many a sharp pang, so many a raging storm, fell like a glittering garment to her knees. "It hasn't been so dreadfully hard, either; only two or three times I came within an inch of popping off; once was when you, Proctor, upset my card basket, and I thought you'd cracked the handle: and, worse yet, when Ramsey came back from town and forgot the tapers for the Christmas tree. Didn't I long to give it to you for a minute! I had to bite my tongue to keep in. It was sore for an hour afterward."

Both the boys laughed. The peppery tongue, the swift temper might master the little girl, sitting there in her night-dress and her loose, flowing hair—she was full of all kinds of faults and naughtinesses; but the heart under all, when you got to it—what an honest little heart it was! the very best thing in all the handsome house of Richard Forsyth!

With a little skilful management, Cressy drew out of Proctor an acknowledgment of which he was a good deal ashamed, before Ramsey: that he had made a conquest of himself that day, when, on visiting the stable, the boy discovered that Pat had not groomed his pony that morning. To use his own words, he "wanted to lay the horsewhip on the fellow's shoulders, and was going to make a blue streak, when of a sudden he remembered they'd all agreed to play saint that day; so he walked out of the carriage-house without letting off."

Now, Proctor Forsyth did a great many things every day of his life to be ashamed of—that is, if he had been of a finely tempered nature; but I believe it cost him more shame to confess that night, to his brother and sister, the mastery he had gained, for once, over his passion, than did all the mean and shameful deeds and ways of the boy's whole life.

That big, domineering Ramsey, however, was in a wonderfully softened mood to-night. "He did not," to quote his younger brother's thought, "make a bit of game of Proctor's confession."

And now it was his turn. Brother and sister

reminded him of that fact. He played with his watch-seals, and said: "Pshaw! what nonsense; I haven't anything to tell."

The others knew better. Cressy brought her powers to bear in little coaxing quaternions of monosyllables. "Ah, come now, do! Please this once, Ram;" and being in a wonderfully softened humor, the boy at last yielded, and went over to his deeply interested audience, with the whole story of what had transpired betwixt him and the newsboy that night. The thing was so utterly unlike Ramsey that Cressy rubbed her eyes, two or three times, fancying she must be dreaming.

But the boy and girl were touched and impressed with the story. Ramsey told it, it is true, with jokes and a little swagger of an air, feeling secretly much as Proctor had done, but here were the simple, eloquent facts before his listeners, and they did not need any fine setting of words.

When her brother was through, there were actually tears in Cressy's eyes. "I never read anything prettier in a story," she said. "I've seen that boy selling papers a good many times. He wears a gray coat and a mite of a black cap, and he stares at our carriage in the oddest way. I never knew what to make of it; but I shall look at him with a great deal more interest now."

"So shall I," added Proctor. "I've noticed him, too, but I never thought anything about him before, only as the boy who sold newspapers."

"Who knows now," exclaimed Cressy, "how much good that five dollars may have done him! He'll go and get some Christmas things, you may depend. I'd like to know what they are, just for fun."

"So should I," said Proctor. "Who'd have believed this of you, Ram? It don't seem, anyhow, as though it could be you," looking at his brother, and half-wondering whether he was the same loud, self-conceited fellow who walked over everybody but his father, rough-shod.

Cressy participated in the feeling. "You've done the best of any of us, Ramsey," she said.

Then suddenly, as though some wind of prophecy were borne in upon her soul, she rose up from her stool and stood in her night-dress like a white-robed sybil, swathed in that cloud of golden hair. "And sometime, and somewhere—in this world or another you'll be glad of what you've done to-day. It will bring you a blessing. I feel it in my bones."

She spoke very solemnly, the girlish face lifted quite out of its ordinary mood, so that,

looking at her, a classical scholar would have thought of Sibilla of Cumae, a medieval saint of his favorite Madonna, but the boys being scholar nor saint, stared at their sister, their rude nature greatly impressed by both words and manner.

"Ah, Cress, you're a humbug!" said Ramsey, at last, his speech shooting as far from his real feeling as a light laugh often does from our deepest emotions.

Cressy understood her brother. He might call her names now, but she would not take fire, as on ordinary occasions.

Proctor, following his brother's cue, had some silly joke over also; but it was a counterfeit, and the base metal rung in ears that could not be deceived.

It was after midnight when Cressy tip-toed back to bed, leaving her brothers in some softened, happy mood to which they were both strangers. What a Christmas-eve they have had, and to think it all came of the newsboy, lying fast asleep in the old "lean-to" at the other end of the town.

"Such a dream as I had last night," said Prudy Hanes, leaning back in her chair, after the Christmas dinner was over, with a rather uncomfortable sense of repletion. Such a dinner as the trio had had! the substantials, turkey and vegetables, rounded off with a tempting little dessert of cake, and fruit, and confectionery.

Cherry had crystallized into a single sentence the general state of mind, when she avowed that she "did feel just like rich folks to-day," and although Darley had not risen into the eloquent flights of the night before, he had been happy in his quotations about casting "dull care to the winds," and things of that sort.

Indeed, the gaunt, hungry face of the wolf at the door had hid itself effectually for this day. I doubt whether there was a happier Christmas dinner in all the town of Thornley than that one in the old "lean-to;" the dinner furnished, too—of all others in the world—by Ramsey Forsyth! He, too, in his handsome home, in the midst of his gifts and holiday pleasures, had a wonderfully light heart this Christmas.

It is true that Prudy, with that habit of forecasting which circumstances had developed her so early, glanced at the turkey after each was more than satisfied, and congratulated herself that one half of the biped lay yet untouched by the carving-knife. With the various edibles that flanked the turkey, and what remained over of Darley's market basket, there

was little danger of any scrimped meals for a week to come.

Perhaps it was this reflection which suggested her dream. Prudy had been too busy among happy facts to think of it before, that day.

"Ah, what was it?" said Cherry, in just the mood for a story.

"Out with it," added Darley, imprudently cracking a fibert with his teeth.

"I thought Cherry and I were sitting before the fire in the twilight, waiting for Darley to come home. It all seemed as natural as life. We waited a long, long time, and it was dreary enough; and, at last, after we had worked ourselves up into a real worry about him, Darley burst in.

"Hurrah, girls!" he shouted, turning all sorts of summersaults on the floor. "You don't know what a fish has floated into my net."

"Now if that isn't just like him for all the world!" cried out Cherry.

"Yes, it was a wonderfully natural dream. We knew something very nice had happened, and we both sprang up and shouted: 'Ah, Darley, do tell us!' At last he gathered himself up, and jerking his head and squaring his elbows—"

"Ah, just like him!" interrupted Cherry, again.

"Now you hold up," cried Darley. "I want to hear Prudy's dream."

"He cried out: 'I've had an offer of business, and I'm to be paid, cash down, a dollar a day!'"

Cherry drew a long breath. "Ah, my! If it was only true," she said.

"But in the dream, you know, it seemed so. Ah, what a time we did have, shouting and clapping our hands for joy, and laughing and crying together. At last we grew solemn, and sat down by the fire and talked about how we would do, and what we would have, now we were so rich, with a dollar a day to fall back on. At last I woke up, and there was just a faint bit of dawn looking in at the east window. I lay awake a good while before I could really bring myself to believe it was a dream. It was broad daylight, and the little children who hung their stockings up last night, must have begun to peg into them, when I went into a nap again."

"A dollar a day," mused Darley. "It was only a dream. That's the word of it, Prudy."

"Ah, wouldn't we live like fighting-cocks with it!" said Cherry. She was a refined little girl, as ever you saw, but she was occasionally

betrayed into a little slang, caught from Darley.

Prudy's face grew solemn.

"I don't believe I could live through such a good fortune," she said. "I think the joy would kill me, if it was a real thing instead of a dream. A whole dollar a day to live on! Wouldn't we be rich! Why, there'd be no more trouble about the rent, for that would only take off one dollar a week. And we'd have Christmas dinners every day! And in a little while you and I, Cherry, would have such pretty scarlet-wool dresses, and Darley a new coat; and there'd be no more pinching, and screwing, and twisting when one of us wants a pair of shoes."

"And in time we could each of us have a new pair of kid gloves," subjoined Cherry, who was as dainty in her tastes as though she were the daughter of a rich man.

"There's no end to the things we could have on a dollar a day," said Prudy, decidedly. "I know the capacity of money," with a sudden pride, that was half-pathetic and half amusing, yet Prudy was right, for her knowledge had been attained under that hardest of schoolmasters, experience. "If I could live at all, under such a grand fortune, I should never be able to sleep nights, thinking of all the ways to spend it."

"Who knows," said Darley, pushing back his plate, with a dreadful sense of plethora, "but Prudy's dream may come true some day? As wonderful things have happened!"

"It would be a miracle, though, with us," answered Prudy, sorrowfully; "and they don't happen now-a-days."

"Well, anyhow, we couldn't have had a better dinner if our income were a dollar a day," said Darley. "First act all through."

"That's a fact," said Prudy, brightening up in a moment. Then she rose and spoke: "A vote of thanks to Darley for his dinner."

Cherry seconded the motion, and there followed some funny little speeches from both the girls, which, whether they sparkled with wit or twinkled with humor, served, at least, the purpose of making the trio exceedingly merry.

Darley, especially, enjoyed the speeches, he being regarded as the hero of the occasion; but he spoke up suddenly: "There's the boy who gave me the five-dollar bill. Haven't you got something to say for him, girls?"

A hush fell upon Prudy's face, although it did not lose its brightness: "I shall say something to God for him," said the girl, softly.

With all his father's fortune, and his cronies, and his loud, good times generally, Ramsey Forsyth had nobody in the world to say anything to God for him, that Christmas, but the lonely orphan girl in the old "lean-to."

Darley and Prudy were silent a little while, but the talk waxed into its old merriment again. No need to be in a hurry to-night, for it was Christmas, and there were no papers to sell, and even Prudy's busy fingers could afford to rest; and when the early darkness fell, it found them still sitting around the dinner table, in the room that looked to the west, a happy, merry household.

And while the twilight deepened, Darley spoke up: "I wonder where Joe Dayton is to-day, and if he's had any Christmas dinner. Dear old Joe!"

Prudy thought of the old boots on which she had "got well." "If he was only here to-day, shouldn't Joe have a big slice of that turkey?" she said.

Darley looked at his sister. He knew, for a dead certainty, if it had not been for them, he should have been swinging that day with Joe Dayton on the wide, lonely sea, or riding at anchor in some foreign port, with a babble of strange tongues all around him.

"It might have been ever so much better for me," thought Darley; "but the girls wouldn't have had any Christmas dinner; nor anything else. No, I'm not sorry I stayed behind, Joe; no sir!"

But Darley kept these thoughts to himself.

CHAPTER X.

You must take a leap with me, straight across the weeks, from Christmas to the last days of winter. Things on the surface appear to have settled back into their old grooves with the two households at Thornley. Darley is still selling papers, and Prudy folding books at the armory, and the wolf's face, gaunt and fierce, is at the door again, and the old, breathless struggle must be kept up with him; for five dollars, though attenuated to their utmost limits, will soon give out in covering household expenses.

At the house on the hill they have been having a merry, bustling sort of winter: company from New York coming and going; and what with these, and Cressy's French and music, she has had a busy time of it. Her father intends she shall have every advantage and accomplishment. He is bent on making a lady of that young daughter of his—the man's ideal of one not being, of course, of the highest sort,

still it would pass muster in the world; and then, with Cressy, there is good material to work on.

The family have been down to the city, more or less, too, taking their turn at the gayeties of the season—Ramsey plunging into them with a double zest on account of his taste of Thornley. The father is secretly uneasy about that boy of his—is wondering, these days, in a good deal of perplexity, what he shall do with him. Ramsey is rushing toward adolescence at a startling rate, and his father fears is inclined to sow wild oats—which, with Forsyth, is a comprehensive term for "late hours, and drinking, and the Devil knows what."

Yet his father remembers "it doesn't do to draw the reins too closely with such heady young colts as Ramsey. If they get desperate, they will break the lines, and there will be trouble."

Forsyth has one strong grip on his eldest son: the former holds the purse; and wherever a man does that, he has the power to make himself felt; and Ramsey, just now, is inclined to be a spendthrift, and this question of money has come to lie at the bottom of the stormiest scenes between the father and son.

Ramsey Forsyth has only come across the newsboy two or three times since that memorable Christmas-eve. They have hardly exchanged a word; for one, at these times, was in his carriage, and the other on foot.

Once Proctor and Cressy were along, also. They saw the sudden lighting of the newsboy's face, as he caught sight of Ramsey, and the way he took off his little black cap and bowed to him, something half-reverential in the gesture.

What was the most astonishing of all, Ramsey lifted his cap and bowed also, as politely as he would to the President! The boy and girl were breathless with amazement. To think of that rough, blustering Ramsey doing that—to a newsboy, too!

But Ramsey knew what he was about—knew, too, that he stood, in the eyes of that newsboy, set apart and consecrated, something noble and heroic, by one act which was entirely out of the general line of his life.

Ramsey never put it in words, but his instinct was none the less true, and he acted on it. There was a boy who had faith in him, believed in him, as nobody else in the world did; and it was so pleasant to this domineering, headstrong boy to know this in his inmost soul, that he would always be delicate and gentle toward Darley Hanes—whose name he did

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not yet so much as know—whatever he might be to all the rest of the world.

Ramsey was not at all singular in this. If you reflect a moment, you will see that people are very apt to be, to a good degree, what others expect of them; and this fact largely accounts for the wide discrepancies of opinion we meet with regarding the same person.

How often a peevish, narrow, selfish woman is sweet and generous, and altogether charming in the eyes of the man who loves her. And she is this, too, without any pre-meditated deception on her part. She knows instinctively to what height his fancy has exalted her; and her approbateness, and something better than that, is stirred to be all that she seems.

How many a man, coarse, hard, more or less brutal among his kind, is generous, thoughtful, tender to the woman who trusts and adores him. It is wonderfully pleasant to be a hero in anybody's eyes. It will often make us one for little while at least.

Of course, Ramsey Forsyth had never reasoned it out to himself in this philosophical fashion, but he did know that a pair of eyes looked at him from under the newsboy's bit of black cap, filled with grateful admiration, and that no other eyes in the world looked at him in that way; and it wrought in Ramsey a glow of feeling for Darley, a generous interest in him, such as the youth's soul had been an utter stranger to all his life.

"I wanted to smile and bow to him, too," said Cressy, drawing her head into the carriage, as this wheeled around the corner; "but he was so busy looking at you, Ramsey, he had no eyes for anybody beside. Did you see, Proctor?"

"I should rather think I did. I tell you now, Ram, you are something grand to that boy. Couldn't I put a flea in his ear!"

"And I too!" piped in Cressy: and then they both laughed, even the big brother joining in, though the joke was hardly a compliment to himself.

"The first chance I get, I shall speak to that boy," said Cressy, decidedly.

Ramsey, too, fully intended to have an interview with his beneficiary, and bestow another present upon him; but what with the company at home and the visits to New York, Ramsey had not found a chance this winter for anything more than a bare exchange of recognitions with the newsboy on the street.

A day or two after this little event had transpired, Cherry Hanes was hurrying home just at nightfall.

The Spring had actually come now, bursting with a marvel of sunshine, and a soft flutter of winds, right out of the winter, the very mood of May softening the stormy front of March.

The little girl had come out partly for a walk, partly on some small errands for Prudy, and had taken a long, rather circuitous route home.

She was on the broad highway still, a good half mile from the "lean-to," when she observed a rather tall, stout gentleman, in the finest of broadcloths and the most shining of beavers, walking rapidly in front of her. He was not a young man, certainly, although he brandished a cane with something of an air, and whistled a tune occasionally.

He had evidently come from the post-office, for he suddenly thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a quantity of mail, glanced over some of this, and thrust the greater part back; but one letter, slipping out of the owner's hand, fell to the ground, and the man passed on, quite unconscious of his inadvertence.

Cherry saw it all. The stranger walked at a rapid gait, and he had torn open one of his letters, and was reading this when the little girl came up with him breathlessly.

"Sir," she panted, "you dropped a letter just now!" and she held it up.

The stranger turned and looked at her. Such a pretty girlish face as he saw looking up at him eagerly, under the shadow of that brown hat, the cheeks all in a glow with the race, the hair with its flickers of vivid gold, and the sparkle of the bluest eyes! He had a face, fair and round, and just about the age of this, at home; and it is likely he thought of it.

Not at all. When that face, with the sparkle of its blue eyes, and its cheeks like peach blossoms that shake in the sunshine in the last hours of May, looked up at the man, a picture leaped out clear and vivid in his memory, though the colors were laid on it far off in his boyhood, more than forty years ago.

It was just at sunset, in a wide old stone house in the country. There was an air of thrift and sobriety all about the ample home, as it lay amongst its well-kept grounds and orchards. In a corner of the pleasant, ample kitchen, just at nightfall, sits a boy, on the edge of his teens, ragged and tired and friendless as you can imagine. A small bundle lies on the floor at one side of him. It comprises his sole possessions in the world. He has walked a number of miles to-day, and he is foot-sore and hungry, now that he has reached the end of his journey; for the owner of the property is

having some marshes drained to the east of his grounds, and the overseer, happening to fall upon this boy, who was looking around for work, has engaged him for the next month to "do chores" for the hands.

It is curious how, looking back across the long upland swell of those forty years, the man sees the sunset smiling on the walls and the shadows of the grape-vine ashake on the floor in old Squire Butterfield's kitchen.

Nobody pays any attention to the boy in the corner, for the ample stone house overflows with company this afternoon, and hands and feet of servants are busy, and cannot stop for anything of so little consequence as the "hands' chore-boy," if he does sit tired and hungry in the corner. Most likely they do not once think of him.

But suddenly a little girl bounds into the kitchen. She wears a white dress, and a crimson sash about her waist, and she cannot have mounted higher than a dozen of her birthdays. She stops a moment, and stares at the boy out of her blue eyes, and dances about the kitchen a moment, having over some merry jests with the maids about the company; and then she goes away, stopping a moment at the door to glance back again curiously at the boy.

In less than a minute she returns again, and flutters up straight to him, with some pity struggling up into the brightness of her face. She says something now, as frank and kindly as though she felt no difference between them—he the ragged, friendless chore-boy in her father's kitchen, and she the fair, daintily reared daughter of Squire Butterfield.

He brightens up at that, and there is a little brisk talk between the two, and the girl very soon discovers that the boy has walked ten miles since morning, and that he is tired and almost starved.

When the squire's little daughter learns that, the pity has no longer a struggle with her face—it almost puts out the brightness.

"Wait a minute," she says, hurrying off breathlessly to a side door. She has hardly gone before she is back again, bringing a tray heaped with slices of tongue, and dainty biscuit, and cake, and berries half drowned in cream—a banquet fit for a prince.

The girl places the tray before the boy. "Don't you stop eating, now," she says, "until you can't get down another mouthful;" and so, with a happy little laugh, she flutters off again to the company.

And this was the picture which flashed out in the man's memory with the fresh tints of

yesterday, as the little girl lifted up her face to him in the road and handed him the dropped letter.

"What is your name, my little girl?" he asked, very kindly, taking the letter like one in a dream.

"Cherry Hanes, sir," a little surprised at the question and the stare.

That told the whole story. Squire Butterfield's daughter had married a young surveyor with that surname, and Cherry had inherited her mother's face.

The ragged, homeless boy who sat that sun-set in the kitchen corner, and the portly stranger who had just taken the letter from the little girl's hand, was Richard Forsyth.

His gaze went all over Cherry, full of startled, kindly interest. The little brown hat and faded sack had its own story to tell. The man thought of the little girl in her white frock and crimson sash, and of his own daughter at home in her gay dresses.

"See here, I must give you a little something for this," said Forsyth, in such a tone as he hardly ever used toward anybody in the world, unless it might be Cressy, in his softest moods; and he drew out his purse before Cherry well understood what he was about, and handed her a ten-dollar bill.

"Oh, sir, I can't take all that!" faltered the child, as she caught sight of the amount, and staring at the stranger as one might at some old magician who had waved his wand while a shining cloud of precious stones dropped through the air. "It was such a little thing I did."

"Never mind, my dear," patting her on the shoulder as he patted Cressy once in a great while. "I've a little girl at home about your size, and she's always wanting some pretty gim-crack or other. Now go and get a toy or a ribbon, or whatever you want." And with these words he half forced the money into Cherry's fingers.

Forsyth went on, not reading his letters, more impressed than one, knowing the rather pachydermous nature of the man, would have conceived possible.

"What an old humbug this world was!" went the man's thought. "To think of Squire Butterfield with his wealth and respectability, and his granddaughter coming down like that!"

As for Cherry's mother, he had scarcely seen her after that night when she floated like an angel into the gloom and need of his boyhood; for, though he remained working a couple of

months on the marshes, the girl went away with the rest of the family, and did not return until the boy had left.

In the rush and strain of his city life, Forsyth had kept little track of old names and acquaintances; but he recalled now floating rumors which had reached him that the squire's handsome son-in-law had come to grief, breaking down with drink and misfortune, dying suddenly at the last, leaving his wife a mere wreck of her father's comfortable fortune.

"Well, folks went up and down curiously with this rolling of old Fortune's wheel!" Forsyth muttered to himself.

He wondered vaguely how the family had drifted up into Thornley, Squire Butterfield's old home being at least thirty miles away.

"The girl must have come down to pretty hard fare, to look so dumbfounded over a ten-dollar bill."

He thought of Cressy, and wished he had doubled the money; and it was about the first time in his life that Richard Forsyth had wished anything of that sort.

He thought of Ramsey, too, uneasily, remembering Squire Butterfield's son-in-law—seeing to what an end all that fair promise had come. Indeed, Forsyth's secret uneasiness with regard to his eldest boy was growing these days. The latter had made some cronies in an adjoining town—fast, loose, wild young men, whose companionship would be likely to work mischief in the boy's hot blood.

So Ramsey's youth was getting to be a problem which might well have perplexed the heart and brain of a judicious parent. Yet, when it came to the worst, Ramsey Forsyth would find that his father was not a man to be trifled with. Anybody could have told that, looking at the set of Forsyth's jaws.

Cherry Hanes went home with one hand in her pocket, her fingers rubbing the bank-note softly every few moments to be certain it was there. She seemed to walk on air.

No more rent to think about for nearly a quarter! What would Prudy say? It must be a miracle had happened; although that stout, solid-looking stranger, with his grayish beard and hair, had such a very material look, that Cherry could not for once set him down as an angel.

But the little girl did not suspect that the dead mother's hand, turning to dust, had lifted itself out of the grave and drawn down this blessing upon her young daughter's head.

(To be continued.)

DUST IN THE EYE.

(See Engraving.)

LOVING be the touch, and tender,
Which would clear a dust-dimmed eye,
Skilful be the aid we render,
Prompt the succor we apply.

What is all earth's bloom and beauty,
Tree and river, sky and main,
If the eye forgoes its duty—
Crystal window of the brain.

Splendors of the starry spaces
Fade before a mote or speck;
Pictures, books, and friendly faces
Mingle in one misty wreck.

But Love's firm and gentle finger
Clears the vision with a touch:
Love will never fail or linger
When its aid avails so much.

Ab! there is a deeper blindness,
Dust which darkens the soul's eyes,
Calling loud for Christian kindness,
Skilful help and patience wise.

What is all Heaven's matchless glory
To an earth-beclouded mind?
What the sweet and gracious story
Of the Saviour of mankind?

Golden street or pearly portal
Of the New Jerusalem?
Lustrous crown of life immortal,
Starred with many a dazzling gem?

Grace and glory both are hidden,
Clouds of dust on all sides roll,
'Till, by God the Spirit bidden,
Light is shed upon the soul.

Are there some whom we love dearly
Groping darkly at noonday?
Let us help them to see clearly,
Let us brush earth's dust away.

Faithful be our words, and tender,
Ceaseless let our prayers arise,
'Till the dawn of Heaven's own splendor
Breaks upon their wondering eyes!

—o—
I AM sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin red-breast, who chants it as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

HE who can wait for what he desires, takes the course not to be exceedingly grieved if he fails of it. He, on the contrary, who labors after a thing too impatiently, thinks the success, when it comes, is not a recompense equal to all the pains he has been at about it.

A TRUE STORY.

THE following is from the pen of Rev. T. K. Beecher:

In the field back of my house, and up the hill, are two nice springs. From one I draw water to my house through pipes, while the water from the other goes to my barn and my neighbor's house. The water runs very swiftly, because it is running down hill. It is far easier to run down hill than it is to run up.

The pipe enters this spring, not at the top of the water, nor at the bottom either. If it were at the top, the scum would get into the pipe, and a floating bug now and then. If it were at the bottom, dregs and sediment would get in. So the pipe goes in about six inches below the top of the water.

When we are drawing water at the barn for the horses, and my neighbor draws water at the same time for her washing-day, the pipe sucks at a great rate. But it draws in nothing but pure water, if all floating things keep at the top, and all heavy things lie still at the bottom. Now for my story.

One morning there was a gay young frog about as big as half my thumb—too big for a tadpole, too small for a wise frog. He could go just where he pleased. He did not have to float with the bugs, for he knew how to dive. He did not have to stay at the bottom with the dregs, for he knew how to swim. So he kicked out his little hind legs and swam all around the spring, doing very much as he pleased.

One day he saw the little, round black hole of the pipe, where the water was running in quite freely. He wondered where it led to. He put his nose in and felt the water pull, and was a little scared, and backed out. But it was such a funny feeling to be sucked that way; it felt kind of good round his nose, and he swam up and looked in again. He went in as much as half an inch, and then the water got behind him and he was drawn all in. "Here goes!" said he; "I shall see what I shall see!" And along he went with the water, till he came to where the pipe makes a bend for my barn—a sharp bend, straight up. As the water was quiet there, he gave a little kick and got up into a still, dark place, close by the barrel where the horse drinks. "Well," said he, "it's a snug place here, but rather lonely and dark."

Now and then he thought of the spring, and the light, and the beautiful room he used to have to swim in, and he tried to swim back against the stream. But the water was on him, or running by him swiftly, and he had no room

to kick in the pipe. So every time he started to go back to the spring he would work hard for a few minutes, then get tired and slip back into the dark place by the barrel.

By and by he grew contented there. The water brought him enough to eat. He shut his eyes and grew stupid, stopped exercising and got fat; and as he had no room to grow very big in the pipe, he had to grow all long, and no broad. But he grew as big as he could, till at last he stopped up the pipe.

Then I had to go out and see what was the matter, for the horse had nothing to drink. I jerked away the barrel, pulled out the little plug, and put a ramrod down; felt springy, leathery something, and, pushing, down it went, and out gushed the water. "What was that?" I thought. So I pulled out the big plug, and put down an iron ramrod and churned it two or three times, and then let the water run, and out came a great, long, red-and-white, and bleeding frog.

I couldn't put him together again. Anything that gets sucked into the pipe and grows up in those dark places, has to come out dead, and all in pieces. I wondered how such a big frog could ever have got into so small a pipe. Then a wise lady in my house told me. "Why, he went in when he was little and foolish, and grew up in there!"

I cannot get that poor frog out of my mind. He was so like some young folks that I have seen. They frolicked up to the door of a theatre, or they stood and looked into a bar-room, or they just wanted to go to one ball, or got out behind the barn to smoke a pipe, or went off sleigh-riding with some gay young man without asking leave—or some way put their foolish noses into a dark hole that felt funny, and led they didn't know where. Pretty soon, in they go. When they want to get back they can't; and they grow bigger, and wickeder, and all out of shape in that dark place. If they come out at last, they are all jammed up, knocked to pieces, sick, or dying, or dead. When I see them in their coffins, I hear folks ask: "How came he to throw himself away so?" "What made him drink himself to death?" "How happened she to go off to infamy?" "How came he to be a gambler?"

Then I shall answer as the wise lady told me about the frog: "They went in when they were little and foolish, and grew up there. A bad habit hugs a man tighter, and jams him out of shape worse, than my pipes did that poor frog.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTE.

No. III.

IT was a darling little window into which I peeped lately. It did me real good. It is a long story, but I will make it short.

The Ladies' Benevolent Sewing Society met at Brother Jinkins's, our pastor's, and while we women were all talking together, cross fire, I heard old Mrs. Gambril say to a little quiet woman who sat on Suzy Jinkins's low chair beside her; "Well, I believe, takin' as a class, that step-mothers are better and kinder than they get credit for. You always seem to get along very well with your step-children. I noticed the night of our last parin'-bee, that when the cake was passed round, that Byron wrapped his up in a piece of paper, and said he'd rather take it home to his mother than to eat it himself."

The face of the little woman, Mrs. Butler, grew radiant, bright, beautiful, at these words, and I so longed to hear what the glad little step-mother would reply, that I dropped my thimble to roll in that direction, so that I might get nearer. It rolled under her chair, and when I followed and stooped to pick it up, I was so low down that I just sat still on the carpet beside her, and pretended to be intent on "gusset, and seam, and band."

"When I first married Mr. Butler," she said, I used to hear so many people say, "She'll never manage Byron." Instead of making me fear or dislike the poor boy, it only drew me nearer to him. He'd been a sickly baby and had been petted, and spoiled, and allowed to have his own way; then for two years before his mother died she had been sick, and weak, and feeble nearly all the time, and he'd been left to the care of thoughtless hired girls, who cared nothing for him only to keep him still or get him out of the way. He felt kind of desperate, as though nobody loved him or cared for him, just as all bad boys do.

"There's a key to every boy's heart, and the first thing I did was to search for the right key. It did not take me very long to find it. Byron used to admire my long hair, and say that when I shook it down it was full of ripples, just like water when the winds blow softly over it. I would let him comb it for me, and fuss over it, and put it up the ways he liked best; then I would comb his into pretty ways, and take a

bit of sponge, and toilet soap, and warm water, and wash his neck, and ears, and forehead, and I always ended by kissing his clean face, and telling him I knew he would grow into a good, loving, true man.

"I used to do little things that I knew would please him. Now I never saw a boy yet who didn't like gravy, of most any kind. That's a boy's weak place. When we hadn't chicken, or veal, or fresh beef, I would put a bit of butter in the spider and let it melt and get a little hot. Then I would dredge in a couple of spoonfuls of flour, and stir it until it was brown, then I would pour in gradually nearly a pint of creamy, unskimmed milk, and as soon as it began to bubble and cook, it was done. He called it 'ma's cream gravy,' and he was very fond of it. Be sure it took a little time, but what was that compared to the life, and happiness, and character that all lay in my own hands. The little boy would grow to manhood, and that manhood would be just what I had made it.

"Again, no one ever saw a ten-year-old boy who did not like tarts, and turnovers, and little patty-pan pies. On baking days I always managed to have a bit of pie crust left or biscuit dough, so that he was made glad by a little pie or cake.

"In the evenings when I would be washing dishes, he would put on one of my long aprons, and take a dish-towel and wipe and set away the dishes as neatly as any girl could, then he would draw my little rocking-chair up to the stand and sit down beside me, and lay his head in my lap and say: 'Now tell us one of your good stories, mother.'

"I'm not ashamed to say that I carried Byron's case to God in prayer. I was so anxious to make a good boy of him, and to do my whole duty, that I was willing to do anything in the world that was right. I cried like a baby when he first called me 'mother.' I often heard him talking to the other children after they had gone to bed, and once I heard him say, 'I don't believe there's another woman in this State as good as our little mother is, and we must try and do everything that will make her glad.'

"Butler often laughs and says I never could

have managed Byron if I hadn't hit on the turnover plan; but I tell him that there never was a boy yet so stubborn, or ill-natured, or selfish, or ugly, but that he had a kind heart if one could only find the key to it. My opinion is that there are too often Aunt Marys, and Aunt Hanners, and meddlesome relations that make mischief between second mothers and the poor little bewildered, bereft children, who know not wherein lies duty, and justice, and respect."

I was sorry when the subject changed, and the women went to talking of something else. I had been edified far more than though I had listened to one of Brother Jinkins's long sermons, extending even to the usual "and seventhly, and lastly."

My heart warmed, I am free to confess, toward the seven motherless children of poor, lone, lorn, Deacon Skiles! I thought if the Lord in his wisdom did give me that work to do, I would try the little woman's turnover plan.

Just then Mrs. Jones pulled up her white stockings, at the same time saying: "You must excuse me, ladies, but I feel miserable all day with these shrunken stockings creeping down all the time. This is only the third time I ever wore them, and I am sure I shall never wear them again. They have only been washed twice, and they have shrunken so that I shall have to give them to one of my girls. I do wonder what is the reason—I'm sure I knit them large enough!"

Then the whole sisterhood set up a cackle full of information. One said do this, and another said do that, and another said she always did so and so.

I, Pippy Potts, didn't say a word; I was a little ashamed to let the women know that I could gather up quite an armful of white home-knit woollen hose at home, too small to fit any of the family with any degree of comfort. So I kept still and listened.

One woman said wash your stockings in suds just as hot as you can bear to put your hands in; one said rinse in hot suds, and another said in cold water, and another said don't rinse at all. Each one thought her own way best, but I had tried all of them and found none to be good.

"Here," said Granny Graham, lifting the hem of her brown calico dress, is a pair of stockings that have been in wear for over three years, and they are as long, and wide, and roomy, and as soft as when I first knit them. They never shrank one bit, and I did just what

my mother taught me down in York, Pennsylvania, more than fifty years ago. She always boiled her white woollen yarn a minute or two before she washed it the first time. If you do that, ladies, you will never be troubled with your white stockings shrinking and becoming too small. Don't ever knit white yarn until you have boiled it."

I was very glad to find out this secret that has baffled me all through my life—lain somehow hidden or out of my reach. Why there is hardly a day passes in which I do not learn something new! Now, only last week, I found out something that has troubled and perplexed me for years.

I am obliged to study economy in time, strength, health, in means, and in food and clothes for the deacon's family, and in all matters pertaining to the household of a farmer in comfortable circumstances. I thought a few years ago, when we killed a fat cow late in the fall, that by saving the tallow every time I boiled a piece of beef, I would accumulate enough to keep us in candles. When I had a crock full I put it in a kettle of water, heated it, let it stand until it was cold, then took it off clean, and white, and nice as any tallow. I made a dozen candles, and they were soft and oily, and would not do at all. I did not know what was the reason, so I went about hardening the tallow after the process by which lard is made into candles, with alum and saltpetre, and something else, but that did no good. I experimented with that potful of stuff all winter, and at last when it was strong and greasy, and as brown as dead leaves, I gave up and put it into the soap grease.

Just last week I found out what was the matter. The skim from a pot of boiled beef is tallow, and will do to use as such, while that from bony boiled pieces is marrowy, and should be used in cooking hash, and frying beef, warming over potatoes, and in any kind of cooking is very good to mix in with butter or lard. It is fine and nutritious, and should be kept in a crock by itself for cooking purposes. I suppose there is no process by which rich marrowy skimmings can be hardened into tallow, and in fact there should not be, for the cook would be deprived of one of her most useful auxiliaries.

The carpet in the sitting-room at the parsonage was getting shabby, and the warp giving way in places all over the floor. Sister Jinkins had mended it and darned it, and kept it respectable as long as she could. Before we left, we women agreed to meet at my house the next

Thursday, and bring in all the nice rags we had, and fall to work and make her a new web, and have it finished by her birthday.

The doctor's wife, and the professor's, and the lawyer's who live in the village will contribute money enough to buy nice red-and-green warp; sister Boggs has a loom, and she will cheerfully weave it, while we women with big families and plenty of worn garment, will find and prepare the filling. Within seven years I have made, with the assistance of the little Pottees one hundred and seventy yards, and every last web is the nicest. Home-made carpet is so suitable to country homes, and harmonizes well with everything else.

We will make this piece red and green, and the filling will be nearly all shades of brown, ranging from a dark rich maroon, down to the pale, beautiful tint of dead chestnut-leaves.

When the women brought in their old garments to rip and tear in narrow stripe, I was struck with the economy displayed in the patching on those brought by Mrs. Mowers. Every patch was set on the outside, and the thin place covered over, instead of cut out, the way such work is usually done. Then, if the patch was on the knee of an old pair of pantaloons, all she had to do was to rip it off, and the whole leg of the garment could be torn into strips of the right width for carpet filling. This was a great saving. She said she learned how to sew on patches that way from her uncle, who was an old sea-captain and always did his own patching.

When Jonathan went away to college, two years ago, one of his best pairs of pantaloons were quite worn out with sitting so much—he had been a student three years. I ripped the seam down behind, and cut out the worn places into shapely pieces as I could, and took them for measures for new patches, that I cut and fitted in, sewing in a seam all round, which I dampened, and pressed, and made to look almost as fresh as new. They didn't look like patched clothes at all. I told him if they seemed patchy and poor to him, he must console and cheer himself by the wily old words of:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Ida met me when I came in from the office last night, with her sleeves rolled up, her hair pushed away back, a big apron on, and her eyes were the gladdest I have looked into for many months.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," she said;

"it was no use to try to keep the bed-room in order with all our shoes, and rubbers, and gaiters, and slippers to move every time I swept the floor. It was quite like a shoe-shop, with all yours, and Lily's, and mine, and sometimes an odd pair of grandma's, or the school-ma'am's. Come and see what I've done," and she marched off into our pretty bedroom.

By an ingenious contrivance she had fitted in, behind the bedroom door, a strip of narrow window casing, a reminiscence of the old Sylvan Dell baptist church, about eight inches from the door frame. Then she had taken a strip of old cloth about six feet long, and sewed square pockets on all the length of it, and tacked the two sides of the row of pockets on the door frame and the window casing, and made it secure and neat. It was a very nice job and well done.

From the highest and upper pockets peeped out my gaiter boots and slippers, because I was the tallest; then came hers, and lowest down were Lily's little bright coquettish tips peeping out like cunning eyes. A couple of stout loops held the common parasols, and a long scabbardy side-pocket contained my big blue cotton umbrella. It stood up as dignified as though it were a field-marshal out on duty.

When the door was open no one would suspect the wise arrangement lurking behind it, and when it was closed no one would suspect it then, for the deacon's serviceable blue camlet cloak hung down so as to hide it.

I can most cordially recommend this kind of a shoe-case—it is so much neater than to put one's shoes under the bed, or behind the door, or to throw them into a closet. One cannot conscientiously then put her shoes away dirty, or wet, or muddy, as she might be tempted to do otherwise.

We have three windows in our bedroom that in moderate weather we leave open, as well as the door which opens into the family sitting-room. One of the windows is thickly covered by the tangles of a luxuriant multiflora—the other has a rose trained over it, and the third is beautified by the branches of a young maple, and embroidered around the sides and top with a pinking of honeysuckle vines.

I was leaning out of this last named window, looking away to the western hills that the setting sun was throwing half in shine and half in deep'ning shadow, when Jonathan came up from the post-office with the "Baptist Banner," and the minutes of a late associational meeting, sticking out of his side pocket.

He tossed them up to me and said: "Pip,

you must look inside of the Banner, if you want to see what you'll see."

I opened it carefully, and out fell a letter, directed, in a big, square, broad hand, to "Miss Pipsissiway Potts, Pottsville, Ohio, care of Deacon Adonijah Potts."

I knew the writing, and to whom it belonged. It was the careful penmanship of Deacon Skiles. My heart beat faster as I read its contents. It was an offer of marriage.

After setting forth, in glowing colors, the state of his broken heart and lonely household, he told me he had a number one Grover and Baker sewing machine; that he kept eight good milk cows of the celebrated Alderney breed, and his butter commanded a better price than any other man's; that he allowed his wife half the money made from the sale of the butter and eggs, and that he would do the same by me. He said he always assisted in milking and carrying the pails to the house, in bad or rainy weather. He further stated that his children were biddable; also, that they were vegetarians in their household—never ate meat or butter, or drank tea or coffee, for reasons he deemed advisable; that he was what is called a good provider, always had plenty of turnips, beets, cabbages, apples, and such things in the winter, and abundance of green truck and garden sauce in the summer.

He did not believe in sending children to school too young; that the mother should superintend their education at home until they were nine years old, anyhow.

He thought it was folly for folks as old as we were to be sentimental during courtship; that he preferred managing such matters in a business-like style, openly and honestly. He said he was practical—didn't believe in any of the modern nonsense; that he had never kissed a woman in his life, except just before his wife died, when she commended the children to his special care, and bade him farewell, and asked him to kiss her.

In the postscript of his lengthy letter he said he would call for an answer sometime within a month, on his way over to Bloom, where he was going to buy a monument for his departed consort: the firm at that place sold twenty percent cheaper than they did where he lived.

My cup was dashed to the ground! I compressed my lips firmly, smoothed my hair, felt in my pocket and toyed with my silver thimble, and shook my head, as I said aloud: "The old noodle! He must estimate me about as he does his calves or colts—not so highly as one of his cows of the Aldeney breed! The old, old

virago! Seven children, with fourteen feet and fourteen hands all to be clad in stockings and mittens knit at home, and I, Pipsey Potts, don't know how to knit! Eight great-udder'd cows of a rare breed, and I don't know how to milk! Vegetarians! and I can't live without my good tea, and butter on my bread; and I do like a bit of nice beefsteak occasionally! Seven children, sitting in seven chairs at home, all the time bending down over their seven readers, and spellers, and primers, and catechisms, and I the teacher! I never did like mathematics, and machinery, and things complicated, and don't want to become acquainted with the cunning bewitchments of anybody's Grover and Baker, much less old, ugly, stingy Deacon Skiles's!" And patting my feet on the carpet, half in anger, I rose and walked two or three times across the bedroom.

I happened to see in the little oval glass beside the window, my own face, and I never saw it look so before. My gray eyes were black—the blue-black of a summer storm-cloud—my pale cheeks were as red as a blooming milk-maid's, and my mouth no larger than a baby's—my very ears were the purple-red of the autumn asters.

Really, I was a little ashamed. I said: "Why, Pipsey Potts, you old gal, is there a sunny, warm corner in your dry old heart, so womanly yet, after all these quiet years of your humdrum life?" and with a bitter laugh I leaned over and kissed the woman's face in the cold glass before me, while the dew of tears dimmed my eyes.

That castigation did me good. It was like a bath in the salt, salt sea, with the mad waves dashing over my head. I was full of the inspiration of a new life. I suppose I felt a little like a brave, strong woman does when she is jilted—when he whom she loved has gone off and married another and a handsomer woman.

Dear me! it swung me back more than twenty years ago, to the time that young Professor O. Howe Greene, the country singing-school teacher, for one whole winter drove up to Deacon Potts's stile, and hitched his horse and turned the robe over, and ran up the steps, and stayed until I could get ready for singing school; and then, after all, went and married poor little warty-nosed, red-headed Chick Charles!

Chick's aunt had died and left her a thousand dollars and three spick span new feather beds, bolsters, pillows, sheets, coverlets, and all.

I remember now how I tried to forget it then, and to hide the hurt from the gaze of prying

eyes. I sang tenor louder and shriller than ever before; wore my hair in little quaking curls all over my head; laughed as musically as I could make it sound; donned crimson, and scarlet, and blue, and blazed and glittered in cheap jewelry, and bows, and puffs, and fluttering ribbons; and in shameful cosmetics, and chains, and rings, and foolish ornaments, must have made me appear very frivolous.

But my revenge was sweet when I used to see the professor's sad eyes fixed on me so mournfully, as though they would absorb me, and then turn away and rest on Chick, the little, wheezy creature, with her sleepy, yellow, waxen face.

She could not sing, and she would sit by the stove with her feet up on the hearth, a little, shapeless, bunchy thing in her close hood, with a heavy, gray woolen shawl, pinned close up under her chin with a darning-needle—his wife.

In singing, he would often stand beside me, and our voices would join so sweetly together, and flow as one.

Once, when he was sick unto death, he sent for me to visit him. A portfolio lay beside him on his pillow; with cold, shaky hands he fumbled around in it, and drew forth a carefully kept, folded paper, containing some of my silly verses, written during the memorable winter of which I spoke. They were called "Listening for his step."

He handed them to me. I glanced over them, and tossed them back with a laugh, saying: "I can hardly believe that I ever wrote such silly twaddle; they are the merest non-sense!"

The blood mounted to his white forehead; I had struck one shaft home.

I never saw Professor Greene afterward. He went to Michigan the next fall. His wheezy wife is the mother of eight little wheezers, and I have heard they all inherit the musical gifts of their father.

Lua and I were talking the other day, when we were out riding, about homes, and houses, and wives, and families, and all these things that women can talk, and think, and write about and never wear out the theme. We were laughing over a little incident that had transpired at her home the day before.

It was Friday, and, to make her Saturday's work lighter, she was doing a part of her baking that day. She said she had hoped to be alone, so she could get a good day's work done; but when the seven o'clock train came in, a middle-

aged woman and a fourteen-year-old boy got off, and the friends who were to meet them with a conveyance from three miles out in the country disappointed them.

The woman sent the boy on foot out into the country for the promised carriage, and then stopped at Lua's home to wait until his return.

She proved to be one of those tiresome talkative women, with quick, birdy, blank eyes, that see everything around them, especially what one would rather not have seen. Lua does her own work; and any housewife can imagine the trial she had that whole day with the stranger—a woman who knew nothing, saw everything, talked all the time, and knew more than anybody else. Oh! one of those bores who can't be beguiled into reading the last papers or the magazines, who don't feel interested in pictures or photographs, whose attention is drawn everywhere and by everything, who talks of my husband Mr. Smith, my other son-in-law, and my son the provision dealer, and our property in town, and our estate out in the country, of our furniture, our connections, our new cistern, my brother-in-law the preacher, my health, my cough, my ulcer, my affection of the lungs, my little son who is a better linguist than the teacher, all the time wrinkling her skinny nose and yellow forehead in a sort of half disgust with other people and their ways and notions.

Only think of the calamity of having such a woman quartered on your generosity all day, watching every movement, scanning every motion, until the poor victim would feel like crying out, in a state far worse than utter stagnation of the blood would produce.

At dinner she smacked noisily over the tea, and took great crescent bites of pumpkin pie, and declared she never ate such roast beef before. Ugh! repulsive as a gorilla.

Lua's head began to pain, and her heart sickened at the woman's repulsive garrulity, and the pain grew worse and worse. Toward evening a boy came with a carriage, and the stranger thanked Lua for the good visit she'd had, and shook hands, with many "complimentary phrases, inviting her to call and see her, and saying she had never spent a day so pleasantly in her whole life.

Lua smiled a sickly smile, and as the woman seated herself in the carriage she heard her say distinctly: "O Charlie, I'm so glad you came! This day has seemed as long as forty years."

Lua was sick all night with nervous headache; her husband said she would start up out of a broken doze and cry out piteously: "Oh, take her away! take her away! her snaky

eyes follow me all the time, they do hurt me so!"

The next day, worn and sunken eyed, and harassed, Lua asked me to go out riding with her—that was her cure, the tonic that would do her good; but this worse than nightmare of which I have told you, was the price of her ride. I laughed and told Lua I would have her case fixed somehow in the form of a petition, and laid before the legislature next winter. It is too bad! Half the sick spells I have are caused thus, by being thrown into close proximity with people who are entire strangers to me, Pipsey Potts—in every sense of the term stranger. And if I, in my quiet beloved country home, am thus subjected to the rasping, and galling, and hurting, and odious companionship frequently, of those whose interests are far from mine, whose likes and dislikes are the very antipodes of mine, whose manners are coarse and repulsive, and whose touch, and voice, and presence outrage me, what must the annoyance be to more refined women whose homes are in villages, and cities, and in more public places. My warmest sympathies go out to such, cordially, kindly, lovingly.

Among the beautiful sights that Lua and I saw, was one that I must mention. I will throw this in as a suggestion to those who love the beautiful—some one may profit by it.

Twenty years ago, in visiting the historic places of our own county of Ashland, we stopped for dinner at the home of a distant relative. A fine running pump stood in his yard, that was my special admiration.

When we, Lua and I, called there lately, instead of the bare wooden pump with the musical stream running from it all the days and nights, was a living tree, a weeping-willow, instead, and about three feet up the tree from the ground the living stream came pouring out.

The tree was a magnificent specimen of that kind—its long, sweeping branches drooped and swayed in the soft October airs, just as proudly and grandly as though its gray trunk was a human being, pulsing with life and strength and all the pride of humanity. I just touched it as though it could understand me, when I said: "Oh, you marvel of beauty!"

The owner of the fountain was a common, illiterate, good sort of a man, and it was through no forethought or ingenuity of his that the fountain had come to him in this singularly beautiful way. When, a few years before, the old pump logs had worn out, he took the trunk

of a willow, and bored a hole of a suitable size in the heart of it, and set it in the ground for the water to run through, the same as it had through the old pump.

Everybody knows a willow stick or bough, thrust into the ground in a wet place, will almost invariably take root and grow, and become a tree, as it did in this case.

We had a very pleasant day together, Lua and I. We gathered mosses, dark, and green and dripping with the moisture that lay on them all day in the cool, unsunned ravines that they had cushioned and made regal in the beauty that nature so loves.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

"It is safer for me to abstain, said Governor Buckingham, than to drink. If I should indulge in drink, I am afraid I should not stop at the line which many call temperance, but should become a slave to the habit, and with others of stronger nerve and firmer purpose go down to a drunkard's grave. If I indulge, I am not safe. If I abstain, my child will not be cursed with a drunken father. We talk of the purity and dignity of human nature, and of relying upon our self-respect for security; but there is no degradation so low that a man will not sink into, and no crime so dreadful that he will not commit, when he is drunk. There is nothing so base, so impure, so mean, so dishonest, so corrupt, that a man will not do when under the law of appetite. Safety is to be found in not yielding ourselves to that law. But if it could be proved conclusively to my own mind that I could drink and never be injured, yet with my views on the subject it would be my duty to abstain. I could not be certain but others, seeing me drink, might be influenced to drink also, and being unable to stop, pass on in the path of the drunkard. My example would, in that case, be evil. But, I ask, am I my brother's keeper? Yes, I am responsible for my influence, and lest it shall be evil, I am under a high moral and religious obligation to deny myself that which may not injure me, but will injure him. If I neither taste, nor touch, nor handle, nor countenance, then my example will not lead others to become drunkards."

THE Psalms are a jewel-cluster made up of the gold of doctrine, the pearls of comfort, and the gem of prayer.

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THE PASSING CLOUD.

A LIFE SKETCH.

"DO you want me to get anything for you in town?"

Andrew Thurston spoke very calmly, and a chance listener might have thought that he spoke kindly. He certainly spoke deferentially; but his lips were compressed, and there were lines upon his brow which were not usual. Ordinarily he would have said, as he drew on his glove: "Now, my love, what can I get for you in town?" and he would have spoken gayly and frankly, with sprightliness and sparkle; for they had been married not a year yet, and only the day before Andrew had declared that they would never outlive their honeymoon. "Ellie," he said, with a kiss, "when we cease to love, we shall have ceased to live; for life could be nothing without love."

But now a cloud had come—very small at first—not bigger than a man's hand—but yet a cloud. Ellie had never complained of fatigue or weariness, and yet she was far from robust. On this particular morning she had arisen with an aching head, but she did not mention it. She did not smile as was her wont, and her husband asked her what was the matter. His question seemed to imply that her manner had fretted him—there was almost an accusation in it—and she replied, rather shortly: "Nothing."

"But there must be something," said he. "What is it?"

This, to his wife, rendered over-susceptible by her headache, seemed a disputing of her word, and she answered: "I tell you—nothing."

"But, Ellie," he said, "you wouldn't act so, if there was nothing the matter."

"Act how?" demanded his wife, flushing under this direct charge. "What have I done?"

What could her husband reply to this? What single act of hers—what word, even, could he point out? Something in her manner had jarred upon the sensitive chords of his heart, and a cloud had come between them; but how could he tell it? How could he give to another an idea of that which had no form nor substance, and which he had only perceived because it dropped a discord into the exquisite harmony of his jealous love? He could make no plausible answer, and this fretted him still more.

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"Oh, nothing, nothing," he said, drawing back. "If you don't choose to confide in me, all right."

His wife's eyes flashed now, and she spoke quickly—spoke so quickly, and so feelingly, that her husband was, in turn, offended; and, with a hasty word upon his lips, he went out into the hall, and made ready for the city, which was but a few miles distant from his suburban residence.

When Andrew Thurston re-entered the sitting room, with his hat in his hand, he asked the question we have already heard, "Do you want me to get anything for you in town?"

How cold his voice sounded to his wife, who sat, with bowed and aching head, by the curtained window. It did not sound like the voice of her husband, and she did not look up. She would wait until he came to kiss her, as he always did before he went away, and then she might be able to speak—to speak upon his bosom, where she could hide her face—but she dared not trust her voice now. She knew she should cry if she spoke, and she would not have her husband see her do that if he were angry with her. But he did not come to her. He turned away without another word, and was gone.

Andrew Thurston knew that his wife must have heard his question, and as she did not immediately answer, he allowed his anger to express itself in a slam of the door as he went out. He pulled on his gloves very vigorously, and stepped off with measured strides. But not long so. The fresh morning air fanned his brow with a cooling influence, and he began to think. He missed something. For the first time since he had been married he was going away from home without his wife's kiss. Surely a cloud had arisen upon the domestic horizon, and something very much like a storm had come upon their peace. He was unhappy; and the more he meditated, the more unhappy he became.

"Ellie was to blame," he said to himself. But this did not heal his wound. "I may have been hasty," he acknowledged, after further reflection. "But still," he assured himself, "she irritated me."

Thus he reached a point very far from soothing or satisfactory in its influence. He was forced to acknowledge that he had allowed

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himself, in a moment of irritation, to speak hastily and unkindly. When he entered the train he took his seat in a corner, and pulled his hat down over his eyes. He did not wish to converse. When he reached his office he was moody and taciturn—very unlike the Andrew Thurston whose custom it was to come in with smiles and cheerful salutation.

A little thing it was, to be sure, but it gave him great pain. A mote is a tiny particle, but it becomes a thing of painful moment when it is lodged in the eye; and the heart that is made tender with a devoted, living love, is as sensitive to motes as is the eye. Hitherto the current of Andrew's love had flowed on unbroken and untroubled, but this incoming of obstruction had produced a turbulence, as destructive of peace and happiness, for the time, as though the very fountain of love itself had been broken up. In short, he was brought to the self-confession that there could be no more joy for him until this cloud had passed away. And how should that be done? How should the sunlight be let in again upon his hearth-stone? He was proud, and he did not like to make confession of his fault. Would his wife make the first acknowledgment? He hoped so; for thus the evil might be put away.

As he sat alone in his office, he took up a paper, and sought to overcome his unhappy thoughts by reading. He could not fix his mind upon the thread of a long article, so he read the short paragraphs; and at length his eye caught the following: "Where there has been misunderstanding between near and dear friends, resulting in mutual unhappiness and regret, the one who loves most, and whose sense of right and duty is strongest, will make the first advance toward reconciliation."

Andrew Thurston dropped the paper, and rose to his feet. It was as though a voice from Heaven had spoken to him.

"I do not love the most," he soliloquized; "but I am the strongest, and should show my love by my works."

He looked at his watch—it was almost noon. It was not his custom to return home till evening, but he could not remain and bear the burden through the other hours of the day. And he marvelled, as he put on his hat and drew on his gloves, how even the resolve to do this simple thing had let the sunlight into his soul.

Ellie Thurston, when she knew that her husband had gone—had gone without a word or a kiss—had gone without giving her time

to recover her stricken senses—sank down and wept; and it was a long time before she could clearly think or reflect. She had been left alone—alone with pain and sorrow, and she was utterly miserable. She blamed herself for not having called her husband to her; and she blamed him for not having come of his own accord. To her it seemed as though the death of joy had come. She had never known such misery before. By and by, when she could think, she wondered if her husband would smile upon her, if she should offer him the first kiss, and speak the first word of love. She would try it. It would be terrible if he should repulse her; but she could not live so.

The hours passed, and the young wife sat like one disconsolate. She thought not of dinner—she had no appetite. She only thought could the warm sunshine ever come again? Did her husband love her less than she had thought?

Thus she sat with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, when she heard the outer door opened, and a step in the hall. She started up to listen, thinking that her senses might have deceived her, when the door of the sitting-room was opened, and her husband entered. His eyes filled with tears when he saw how pale and grief-stricken his wife looked, and with open arms he went toward her. "Ellie, my darling, don't let us be unhappy any more!"

He had been thinking, on his way home, what he should say when he met her; and he had framed in his mind a speech of confession which he would make; but he forgot it all when he saw her, and his heart spoke as it would. The words burst from his lips, lovingly, prayerfully, beseechingly, "Ellie, my darling, don't let us be unhappy any more!"

She came to his bosom, and twined her arms about his neck; and for the kiss that was missed in the morning they took many kisses now; and they wept no more apart, but wept together.

That was all. The cloud had passed; and they experienced the exquisite thrill which all true hearts feel when a wrong has been made right, and when the warm joy-beams drive away the dark shadows of sorrow and regret. It was a life-lesson to them both; and they promised themselves that they would never forget its teaching.

KINDNESS is the music of good will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play Heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BABY-CULTURE.

BY FAITH ROCHESTER.

[This admirably suggestive article is taken from a recent number of *The Christian Union*. It will be found well worthy the perusal of mothers and all who have the care of little children.]

HERE is a "Little Book for Mothers," which I have procured from the publisher, J. L. Hammet, Brattle Street, Boston. It cost twelve and a half cents, and is meant to accompany Fröbel's first gift for babies. This gift consists of six colored rubber balls; of the three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow; and three secondary colors, purple, green and orange.

I am sorry there are so many people who seem to suppose that the mere maternal instinct is a sufficient guide for a mother in her important duties. This little book truly says: "Love is not wisdom; but love must act according to wisdom, in order to succeed." Mothers and nurses, however tender and kind-hearted, may, and often do, weary and vex the nerves of children, in well-meant efforts to amuse, and weary themselves the while. Fröbel's exercises, founded on observations of intelligent sensibility, are intended to amuse without wearying; and the child is educated thereby, and is not puzzled or vexed.

Only very thoughtless persons will laugh at the idea of a baby's "education!" Education means drawing out—development and discipline. The new-born babe has not even the use of its senses; these are to be "drawn out" gradually and tenderly, so as never to weary or confuse. Most of us grown-up people have senses imperfectly developed; and we little know what delights we lose because our senses are so uncultivated; in the realm of art, for instance, and in music! The senses, properly educated, are blessed ministers to the soul's advantage. What a pity that, from their earliest efforts, they do not have reasonable and suitable culture! Let me quote again from this little book for mothers:

"Fröbel devoted long years of his rich, eminent life to the careful study of these little ones, and of the best means of developing them harmoniously, with pleasure to themselves; at the same time preserving the individuality of each, which he sacredly respected. Fröbel realized the influence, on the whole after life, of the tone and beat given to their earlier years; and he sought, by all his numerous games and exercises, not only to develop duly each muscle of the body, every power of the mind, but also to inculcate love and service to others, reverence and modesty, free obedience and mutual helpfulness, as the greatest happiness as well as greatest good. The child is not made the

prominent point, the centre of all things, but sees himself as part of the whole; he becomes conscious of persons and things in their relations to each other and to himself, and escapes that terrible self-consciousness which so injures and disfigures 'fast Young America' of both sexes."

Poor Young America! My heart aches daily when I see how persistently this self-consciousness is drilled into children who are naturally sweet and modest. Beginning with the baby, its mistaken friends amuse it by nodding to it and "noticing" it in a flattering way, talking to it the most exaggerated praise and condolence. The tones come to be understood long before any words are comprehended, and these have their pernicious influence. Tones of cheerfulness and love are best for baby-culture. I know some warm-hearted but unthinking lovers of children, who usually begin a conversation with a child with questions and talk about the child itself. They make some start and outcry at the child's appearance, calculated to heighten its sense of its own importance, and then exclaim: "Why, who is this? Let's see, your name is—what is your name?" This subject being disposed of, then follows a string of questions, beginning, perhaps, with a question that (I think) ought never to be asked a child—"Are you a good little baby?"—and so on. It is such a pity!

Children need intelligent sympathy—not pity nor flattery. Just commendation is wholesome, and encouragement is indispensable. Too many little ones are either disheartened by neglect and by criticisms that are not tenderly given, or they acquire an undue estimate of their abilities from over-praise. They are observed and admired openly; and so this desire to attract attention and create an impression is cultivated even in little babes. If, instead of this thoughtless cruelty, we can only "be converted and become as little children" in spirit, we shall enter heartily into the enjoyments, wishes, and needs of the little ones we train, and treat them with "love that is according to wisdom." We shall not play to them, and talk to them, but with them, interesting them in things outside of themselves.

In this little book are described many simple plays for infants, from the time when they first begin to notice and grasp playthings till the time when they are able to begin combining and constructing things as play. But mothers are cautioned to remember that Fröbel only "gives these songs and movements as hints and suggestions, to be infinitely varied by their own ingenuity, and adapted to the wants and tastes of each child."

It is impossible to give here these simple plays in detail, but it would be well for every mother to possess a copy of this little book. To follow its

instructions mechanically would spoil all. The spirit of Fröbel's instructions—not merely the letter—is what we ought to catch. He says that much quiet is necessary for the nerves of the child during the first year, and that we should avoid confusing it by presenting too many playthings; that accuracy and precision of movement rest and soothe the child; that when the little one (old enough to roll the ball on the table) drops its ball, it should be bent down to pick it up, that it may early be accustomed to bear the consequences of its own actions; that very early children should, if possible, have playmates of their own age, and learn to bear with and help each other.

I do not know who edited this tiny book, but it was surely some person of loving heart and clear understanding. She (it must be a woman) says in closing: "It is difficult to make a statement which shall not, at first glance, seem formal, of what should be spontaneous, life-full, varied, yet not lawless or disorderly, as the development of their little ones. If mothers realize that well-directed play would be to them as the sun and fresh air to plants, unconsciously unfolding and feeding them, saving them from the fatigue and *ennui* and confusion too often resulting from our present methods, they would study reverently the counsels of this good man, who devoted his life to children."

Elsewhere she says—and I think our national experiment has proceeded far enough now to enable intelligent people to appreciate the remark—"Organized play for the child, and organized work for the man, not anarchy and license, are what we need for the development of that true liberty which all crave." Fröbel's first principle is "the fulfilment of duty at as early an age as possible—that fulfilment a pleasure through love of others."

The idea is not uncommon that if children are not interfered with, if they are let alone as much as possible during the first half dozen years of life—they will come out about right; that nature will pull them safely through the perils of childhood. But a little experience soon shows any observing person that average children tend to

mischievous as easily "as the sparks to fly upward." The baby of a week old will fasten its gaze upon the lamp, and seriously injure its organs of sight, if left to its own inclination, when the lamp is improperly placed. The little one old enough to creep into mischief, knows no better than to grasp a glittering knife with whetted edge. A child will call for "more, more," when wearied out with foolish and exciting stories. As we would take a child's hand to lead it, in its first attempt at walking, so we should gently guide its out-reaching faculties, saving it from self-injury through ignorance, and doing what we can to prevent the growth in its own nature of the evils it inherits.

Emerson says: "We are fired with the hope to reform men. After many experiments, we find that we must begin earlier—at school. But the boys and girls are not docile; we can make nothing of them. We decide that they are not of good stock. We must begin our reform earlier still—at generation." So it runs back and back and back to poor old Adam, after all. Say, rather, it runs forward and forward—the redemption of our human nature from its long Adam bondage to the liberty of the sons of God! And no work of reform is out of place, whether of the aged, the middle-aged, the youth, or of little children.

But the earlier you can begin the proper culture of a human being, the less undoing and reforming will have to be done. I am told that the charming little book by Miss Youmans—*First Lessons in Botany*—comes too late to accomplish its intended mission: "to develop the observing faculties of children." It is found that "half the children are intellectually demoralized at seven years of age." The Kindergarten is needed to prepare the way. The observing faculties begin to develop even in infancy, and they cry out for help whenever a child asks: "What is it?" "What is it?" "How is it done?" If, at this early stage, they are neglected or improperly nourished, no after training can fully atone for this neglect. All hail, then, to the Kindergarten!

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

THE RIGHT TRAINING OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

ARE we training our daughters up to usefulness, or are we giving them only a superficial education, and allowing them to acquire habits of idleness, extravagance, and selfishness? It is natural that every mother should wish, and even hope, for her daughter an exceptional future, in which everything shall be smooth and bright, with no

rough places to tread and no storms to terrify her; yet, every reasonable mother should know that such a lot is only within the possibilities—not at all within the probabilities. A life thus launched, prepared only for fair-weather sailing, is almost sure to be shipwrecked. Or if all things remain fair to outward seeming, the young girl brought up with only a thought of herself, soon develops into the worldly-wise woman, who lives only for fashion and society, and who knows nothing and

cares no life.

A write in an ar an illus useles tract:

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"I hav Mary, with

cares nothing about the serious responsibilities of life.

A writer in a recent number of the *Revolution*, in an article entitled "Parlor Ornaments," gives an illustration from her own experience of the useless young lady of to-day. We make an extract:

"What is the matter now?" inquired Mary, sympathetically. "Oh, nothing more than usual," returned Mrs. Hinton, in a tone of enforced resignation; "only Bell has been invited to another large party, and she says she must have a new dress. I shouldn't mind the expense of the material so much, for Bell is willing, this time, to put up with some thin stuff like illusion or tarletane; but it is the trouble of making. Such a costume don't look like anything unless it is covered with ruches and puffs; and I shall have all that to do myself. Miss Betts, the dressmaker we usually employ, can give us only one day next week, and it does seem as though the task was too great for my strength. That kind of work, you know, requires no end of patience, and just now we have only the most miserable apology for a girl in the kitchen, so that I am obliged to attend a great deal to household matters. Bell is dreadfully particular, and I get so nervous over ripping out and fussing, that I dream about it at night. This slavery to dress, and the changes in the fashions, take away my peace of mind. But one has got to conform to society—there's no use contending against it. A girl's fortune may be made or ruined by little things. * * * I can own to you that Bell's chances in life depend very much on her keeping in the set to which she now belongs, and of course I am obliged to make some sacrifices."

"That may be," said Mary, trying to speak calmly; "but to my mind it offers no good reason for allowing girls to wear out their mothers' lives, that they may float around entirely free from care. Why don't Bell attend to her own wardrobe? She is young, and as strong as you are, certainly; for I often see her go out early and come in late, and the round of parties she attends in a single month must be a great tax on physical vigor."

"Bell lives on excitement," returned Mrs. Hinton, with a sigh. "She can dance longer than any girl I ever saw; but when she takes a needle in her hand and sits down to sew, it brings on a nervous headache directly, and then all she can do is to lie on the sofa and direct how things shall be done. I do believe Bell could keep a dozen women busy, she has such a genius for planning. There's another thing about it: a girl has to be dressed to receive company, you know; and if she attempts to do anything, it is the same as labor lost. I often think it is better and easier for me to do all the work myself than to attempt to have Bell help."

"I have old-fashioned notions, perhaps," said Mary, with a little asperity in her kind voice, "but

it seems to me altogether out of place for a girl to be dressed up, receiving her friends in the parlor, while her mother is toiling over her finery up stairs. I was brought up to think that mother must be considered before any other member of the family; that a mother's place was, in fact, at the head of the household; and the present fashion of allowing the young daughter to push the mother aside and usurp her station at the very time there ought to be some dignity and repose in the mother's life, is pernicious. She is made the slave of all the caprices of frivolous and absurd dressing that a thoughtless girl's fancy can invent; and I am determined Grace shall not be brought up in this way, if she lives to be an old maid fifty times over."

"I know it is wrong," sighed Mrs. Hinton, helplessly, "but what can one do? A girl like Bell would have her prospects in life ruined if it was suspected that she worked. Girls have got to be useless, idle, good-for-nothing creatures, to go in the best society, and secure a husband in that station. Bell is stylish, and much admired; and if the young men were not such mercenary creatures, always on the watch to marry money, I should have some hope for her getting settled to her mind. She has a great taste for elegance. I used to have when a girl, but it has been beaten out of me. All I ask now is to get into some corner and rest."

"When Mrs. Hinton had left, Mary sighed, and said: 'That woman is the most hopeless case I ever saw. You may preach to her a year, and she will agree to everything you say, and then go on in exactly the old way. I should get out of patience with her, if there wasn't something so pathetic in the sight of a young creature like Bell nagging an old one like Mrs. Hinton, especially when the old one happens to be her mother.'"

Does this sketch seem overdrawn? Pause for a moment, and run over the list of your acquaintances, and see if you cannot find its counterpart in real life. We can recall a mother and daughter who might have sat for these portraits, so faithfully are they represented. The daughter is persuaded she "cannot live" without the most expensive of French kid gloves, no matter if the mother goes shoeless that they may be bought. She "cannot live" if her hat is not of the very latest mode, and varied as often as the whim seizes her. She "cannot live" if she cannot every now and then have an expensive dress, of which perhaps she becomes tired almost as soon as it is made, and either abuses and misuses it so that it is spoiled and worn out long before it ought to have been, or else is thrown away altogether. She "cannot live" if she is not allowed to stuff herself with confectionery until her health is really breaking from it. She "cannot live" if she does not have excitement, and when most under its influence she is a fretful, peevish, discontented creature, making

everybody miserable about her. She requires her mother to perform the duties of waiting-maid for her, and not only permits her but expects her to wear herself out over the making of finery for her, if the exigencies of party or ball demand it, though the mother is a confirmed invalid. "But," sighs the woman, when remonstrated with as to her daughter's conduct: "She must have her chances in life;" while the girl unblushingly acknowledges that she is looking for a husband, and cannot afford to relax a single effort toward securing one.

Such things disgust us. Yet there is only one way to avoid a tendency toward conduct like this in our girls. Let them be educated to feel that their chances in life do not depend solely upon getting married. Let them feel that there are other aims possible and even desirable, other ambitions legitimate. Learn them early to bear the responsibilities of life, and then, wherever their station and whatever their duties, they will be fully prepared for them.

—o—o—o—o—
HE AND I.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

I.

WE were happiest of lovers,
He and I—
Long ago,
Walking 'mid the white wild roses,
Where the beach with billow closes,
Where delight with morn reposes,
And with even;
Plighting troth with coyest kisses,
Whispering shyly of the blisses,
Of a day the May-time misses,
Not below;
Fond and foolish lovers,
He and I,
That sweet even.

II.

Heaven was glad when we were wedded,
He and I—
This we know;
For there swept a sweeter splendor
Over all the valleys tender—
Over all the poplars slender,
Down the way,
When we whispered: "Should there sorrow
Come with coming of the morrow,
We will hope from sweet love borrow
Ever;" so,
With dear love we wedded,
He and I,
That dear day.

III.

We had daintiest of blossoms,
He and I,
Long ago.
Ah, we sit to-night and ponder,

Why it lieth over yonder,
Where the birds and breezes wander

At their will;

Why so far away the forehead,
And the breast like marble molded;

Why two little hands are folded

Down so low—

How death found our blossom—

He and I

Marvel still.

IV.

But we hold each other dearer,

He and I—

Dearer far,

For the dark of days forsaken,
For the dream that death has taken,
From our souls of sorrow shaken

As a pall:

For the chill of wintry weather,
For the storm we've braved together,
For the low grave where the heather

Blossoms are;

Know each other dearer—

He and I,

For them all.

V.

We shall wake some blessed morning,

He and I,

Happy wake,

Glad for all the lonely gleanings,
In the land to darkness leaning—
Wake—and sorrow's mystic meaning

Understand,

And, in that thrice-blessed hour,
God will give us back the flower,
Kept alive in Eden-bower,

For our sake.

So, we wait for morning,

He and I—

Hand in hand.

—o—o—o—o—
"WOMEN," says Charlotte Bronte, "are supposed to be very calm, generally, but they feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts, as much as their brothers do, and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidery bags."

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE ACT.—One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last of a long life, and form the brightest and most glorious spot in it.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE DAISY SEEKERS.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

GO!" said the King to his servants,
"Gather me daisies white,
Gather them out of the sunshine,
Out of the gloom of night.
You will find them in all the places
That are trodden by human feet,
Lifting their mild, white faces
Close to the dusty street,
Climbing the side of the mountain,
Trooping across the plain,
Smiling down into the fountain,
That up to them smileth again!
They dwell in the lowliest valleys,
By the humblest threshold they meet,
In the roughest and thorniest places
They fearlessly set their feet;
They steal o'er the hedge of the desert,
They spring from the loneliest grave,
'Mid the smoke and the thunder of battle
Their banners of peace they wave.
You will find them wherever you seek them,
And as far as you choose to roam,
Yet they blossom full fair in the quiet,
And under the shadow of home.
The proud ones may trample them under,
The careless may pass them by,
But their faces so mild and so tender
Are the very delight of my eye.
And he that shall bring me the whitest
Shall sit at my feast to-night,
In a crown of jewels the brightest,
And in raiment of starry white.
He shall thrill to the song and the story
That echo through mansions above,
He shall bask in the shine of my glory,
And drink of the wine of my love."

Then the hearts of the servants within them
Beat high with hope and delight,
And fast through the shade and the shining
They went for the daisies white.
Some bore with them vessels olden,
Some baskets of willow strands,
These, vases rare-jewelled and golden,
Those, nought but two, willing hands.
And on the steep slopes of the highlands,
By the stream's imperceptible lapse,
In the silence of wave-prisoned islands,
Through the sunshiny woodland gaps,
'Mid the jar and clangor of labor,
'Mid the smoke and the carnage of strife,
Where neighbor frowned darkly on neighbor,
Where love was the sweet law of life,
In pathways where stern duty bound them,

In home shades most still and most fair—
Wherever they sought them they found them,
For the daisies grew everywhere!
Some gathered with carols of gladness,
Some mused on the words of the King,
Some trembled with doubt or with sadness,
While others went wandering
Down in the gardens of pleasure,
Where the rose's blushes bright
And the tulip's scarlet treasure
Dazzled and charmed their sight;
And they heaped up their baskets and vases
With crimson and purple and red,
Unheeding the mild, white faces
Of the daisies under their tread;
Or they climbed to the narrow ledges,
Where, 'twixt the eternal snows
And the sheer cliff's dizzy edges,
The tempting rhodora grows;
And they wreathed their pale brows with its
splendor,
And starred their chill breasts with its glow,
While the daisies so white and so tender
Were left on the green slopes below!

But a boy that was laid in the shadow,
With two small crutches at hand,
Looked forth o'er the sunshiny meadow
After the vanishing band;
Saw how their swift feet when climbing
Cliff-side and hill-top bright,
Heard their glad voices, far chiming,
When bending boughs hid them from sight;
And murmurs: "Ah! why must I only
Be left in the shadows behind,
Condemned to lie idle and lonely,
While others may seek and may find?
Oh, for the slopes of the mountain,
The hill-tops' greenness and glow,
The diamonded edge of the fountain—
All spots where the daisies do grow!
Oh, for the paths widest roaming!
For feet that can climb and can cling!
Oh, to come back in the gloaming,
Bearing white spoils to the King!
Ah! why doth he leave me so lonely,
With a heart for his service so faint,
But with feet that will carry me only
To the near, dim Valley of Pain?"
Then, low! came a hush, and a brightness
Slow rounding to luminous sphere,
And a wing of the soft, soft whiteness
Of fleece-clouds in summer nights clear,
And a voice through the hushed air ringing
More sweetly and solemnly
Than the sound of bells, far swinging,
Over a twilight sea;

"Take heart: the King hath *one* measure
For the service of feet that run,
And of feet that wait His pleasure,
Till all His deep will is done.
And though daisies are snowy and many
On hill-tops, and meadow, and plain,
Yet as mild and as white ones as any
Grow down in the Valley of Pain."

Then slow, while the sunset was painting
Its wonderful pictures of light,
The cripple arose, and, half-fainting,
Went seeking the daisies white.
Wandering weary and lonely,
Wandering slow and forlorn,
He gathered them out of the rock-cleft,
He gathered them out of the thorn.

In barren and desolate places
They grew, but more starlike and mild,
And he gazed in their pure shining faces,
Soft smiling, nor knew that he smiled;
Or he wet them with tears slow falling,
Nor saw how it washed them white—
Till he heard the King's voice calling
Soft through the Valley's night:
"Come quickly, for all things are ready,
And the shadows between you and home
Grow ever more sombre and steady;
And I wait for the daisies—Come!"

And they came! From the hill and the forest—
From the great city's hurry and moil—
From the field where the conflict was sorest—
From brown, fertile furrows of toil—
From islands wave-guarded that slumbered—
From sands that were scorched as with flame—
An army whom no man hath numbered—
Swift rank upon rank—they came.
Up from the darkening spaces,
Hushed under twilight's gray wing;
And they heaped up the white shining daisies
High at the feet of the King!
The daisies so winsome and tender,
The daisies so fearless and bright,
Kin to earth by a stem so slender,
To the stars by coronas so white,
Mild with the touches of many
Long days of the sun and the rain!—
But the whitest and mildest of any
Were those from the Valley of Pain!

So the King sent His swift, still angel,
And we robed our pale boy in white,
And out through the dusk of the evening
He went from our lingering sight.
We know not what pathway of brightness,
What silvery pavement of stars,
He climbed to the clear shining whiteness
Of the pearly and wide-open bars;
We but know in some soft, far azure,
That needeth no sun for its light,
In the court of the King's high pleasure,
He sits at the feast to-night.—*The Churchman.*

FALLEN ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR.

NIGHT had let her sable curtain
Down upon the hill-tops fall,
And it rested in the valley
Like a dark, funeral pall;
Like wild beast their prey pursuing,
Howled the winds among the pine,
And the darkness reigned so fearful
That the stars forgot to shine.

Though the night was dark and dreary,
Such as oftentimes visits earth,
Yet the fire-light in a cottage
With bright shadows mingled mirth;
Wrought its wild and gleaming shadows
Noiselessly the ceiling o'er,
Like the sprites from rosy dreamland
Dancing on the oaken floor.

Down before the glowing embers,
In a soft and easy chair,
Gazing on the phantom figures,
Was a man of hoary hair.
Bent his form, until his forehead
Rested light upon his cane;
Viewed the shadows gayly dancing
To the music of the rain.

Led by thoughts of love, he wandered
Back through long-departed years,
And his eyes grew dim and heavy
With their weight of unwept tears;
Faces of the loved and loving,
Of the faithful and the true,
With their sunny smiles of gladness,
Passed before his mental view.

Through each olden, haunted castle,
With its truthful tales replete,
Through each sunny nook of childhood,
Mem'ry led his erring feet.
Voices of the loved were singing
Sweetly some familiar hymn,
And it seemed like far-off music,
In the summer twilight dim.

As he roamed through childhood's mazes,
Hallowed scenes renewed their birth,
Till the glance of retrospection
Seemed the saddest thing on earth.
Long he sat, but not a muscle
Moved to mar the silence deep,
For the old man, like an infant,
In his chair had dropped asleep.

But it was the sleep that's wakeless,
For his limbs were stiff and cold;
All his sands of life were wasted,
And his days on earth were told.
Angels came, while he was musing,
From the realms of bliss afar,
Bore away his restless spirit
Where the just and holy are.

FRUIT CULTURE FOR LADIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARDENING FOR LADIES."

WHEN TO PRUNE FRUIT TREES.

WITH regard to the proper season for pruning fruit trees, there seems to be as many opinions, or theories, as there are individuals engaged in cultivating fruit orchards. We have seen each separate month in the year recommended by different persons as the one and only right month in which to prune. Recommendations so conflicting are certainly very puzzling, to say the least, to the novice in fruit-culture.

The truth is, says a sensible writer on the subject, trees can be pruned at any time, and ought to be whenever the branches or shoots are running astray. Cut away at any time any superfluous or unnecessary shoots. Thus a proper direction is given to the growth and vigor of the tree, and its forces are husbanded while it is producing wood. Do not wait for some particular month for pruning, and then go into the tree with axe and saw; but at any time as you walk out into your orchard, take out your knife and trim gently away such shoots and branches as you think are unnecessary. It is still better to rub off with your fingers the tender shoot; but, if this has been neglected, cut it off, whether in spring, summer, autumn, or winter. Let your endeavor be to guide nature, having in view for your tree the formation of a round, open top, admitting the air and light to all parts of the tree and to its fruit.

Heavy pruning should not be done at any time. If severe pruning is needed, do not do it all at once. Let the work be gradual—some this year and some next. But the every-day pruning, the most of which should be done with thumb and finger, is what we recommend. You should cultivate your trees for fruit, not to cut firewood from them every spring or fall, as the case may be.

Still, we admit there are cases in which, generally from past neglect or misjudgment, the axe or the saw must be applied. If this bad work must be done, March, we think, is the best time for doing it. On the other hand, there are orchardists who are just as confident that it should be done about the middle of June. Perhaps, if the truth were known, the time when is of little consequence; it can't be much worse in the one month than in the other, and, as we have already said, is bad at any season.

At all events, let your branches be cut off as smoothly as possible, and close up to the stock from whence they are taken, but not so close as to shave away the slight ridge generally found at the base of every branch. Cover the wound with grafting-wax, or with a thin coating of tar.

RENEWING OLD STRAWBERRY BEDS.

Old strawberry beds may be renewed by spading up or under the vines, so as to leave them in rows three feet apart. Let the spaded strips be well pulverized and cultivated. Train runners over them from the old vines, allowing them to take root one at every foot of the new bed. The new plant will bear well the following season. The present month is a good time for this work.

ROOT PROPAGATION OF PEAR-TREES.

An excellent and reliable way to propagate choice varieties of pears, is by setting out cuttings from the roots, as is often done with the red sorts of raspberries and with blackberries. Select such pieces of root as have one or more fibres attached. They cannot well be too small, but ought not to be larger than the finger. Cover the wound at the larger end with grafting-wax, setting the piece obliquely in the ground. They very seldom fail to send up shoots, which in a single season become as tall as plants raised from these seed of two years' growth.

BARK LICE.

To get rid of these pests is no easy task, and requires considerable patience and perseverance. It has been suggested to scatter quick-lime over the branches when, or soon after, the grub hatches out, say from the 20th of May to the 20th of June.

A pretty strong soap-suds, applied with a scrubbing brush such as the women scour floors with, is also recommended likewise. A weak fish-brine, such as may be obtained at the stores from mackerel barrels, is said to be efficacious in destroying bark lice.

THE YELLOWS.

This is a disease peculiar to the peach-tree. Its cause has never been satisfactorily ascertained. It is supposed, however, to have arisen originally from exhaustion or deterioration of the soil, over-bearing, and bad cultivation. Its indications are, first, a premature ripening of the fruit, accompanied with purple discolorations of the flesh. The following season numerous small wiry shoots are thrown out from the larger branches, the leaves become yellow, the whole tree assumes a sickly appearance, and finally dies. As this is a conta-

gious disease, your best plan is at once to remove and burn the first tree in your orchard that shows symptoms of it. No young tree should be planted on the same spot. If your soil is rich and strong, the disease is not so likely to spread. I know of no instance where a well-marked case of the yellows has been cured. A writer in the *Gardener's Monthly*, however, says:

"In the spring of 1863 I had two or three peach trees that had the yellows very bad. I poured on one gallon of boiling-hot water on each tree, and let it run down the trunk. The result was surprising. In the course of two or three weeks there appeared a new growth of leaves, fresh and green, and this season they have all had peaches on them."

THE CURCULIO AGAIN.

Having come across another plan for catching the curculio, we deem it of sufficient importance to condense and present to our readers:

Put your orchard in the best order; smooth down the soil around every tree, having the ground very clean. Do not leave a single hole, or crack, or crevice, where the curculio can hide. Now lay close to the tree, and close to the ground, about four pieces to a tree, either of chips, or bark, or board, or rag, or corn-cob, or old leather, or, in fact, anything for a covert. Go around every day, and turn over each piece, and kill every curculio you find. The little pests will generally be found adhering to the chip, or whatever you may use; but many will also be found on the ground immediately under it. This plan, faithfully adhered to, will do good, even if it does not finally result in the extermination of the curculio.

We have also seen it recommended to use finely pulverized, unslacked lime, placed in a loose sack, which is attached to a long pole, and then shake and jar the dust over and through the plum trees, early in the morning while the dew is on. This is to be done from the time the young plums are as large as a pea.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

STRAWBERRIES.—Do not forget to mulch your strawberry beds. Corn-stalks make a very good mulch. If your beds have been covered with straw during the winter, it would be well, instead of removing it in the spring, to simply part it over the plants, and leave it on till after your fruit is gathered. What weeds make their way through the straw may be pulled. Where your beds have not thus been covered, give them a thorough hoeing shortly after the fruit sets, and then apply your mulch, with some light manure.

CURRENTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—Manure and mulch your currant bushes before the hot weather

sets in. No fruit is more benefited by mulching than the currant. Look for currant-worms, and apply powdered hellebore, as directed in a former number. The same remarks apply as well to the gooseberry.

RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES.—Cultivate carefully, manure liberally, and mulch lightly. If not already tied up to stakes, or supported in some way, they should now be gone over and put in trim to carry the burden of fruit they are soon to bear.

GRAPE-VINES.—Leave one bud on young vines set out this spring. On vines started last season two may be left. On old vines rub off all buds that appear where they are not wanted, and save pruning. New plants may now be propagated by layering. Make a trench a few inches deep, in which lay down a vine of last year's growth. Fasten it down with pegs, and when the shoots have made their appearance, cover the vine with earth. Look for rose-bugs on your vines, especially on the blossoms. Shake the little rascals off, and catch and kill them. This must be done every day while your vines are in bloom.

READING FOR FRUIT-CULTURISTS.

All persons going into the culture of fruit will find it to their advantage to take one or more periodicals, either partially or wholly devoted to that particular employment. Among such periodicals I may mention, as being excellent and reliable, the *Agriculturist*, of New York; the *Horticulturist*, of the same city, and the *Gardener's Monthly*, of Philadelphia. I would deem it a good investment to take all three of these publications. But as a cheap, reliable, and thoroughly practical paper, I can heartily recommend the "Small-Fruit Recorder," published by A. M. Purdy, of Palmyra, N. Y. It is almost wholly devoted to the cultivation of small fruits, and contains information in regard to every conceivable point bearing upon the subject. Price \$1 a year. Specimens sent on application to the publisher.

SUMMER PLANTS AND BULBS.

Those who are about to put the final touches to their gardens, preliminary to their summer display, should not fail to send for Mr. Dreer's Garden Calendar, and examine his lists of bedding plants, summer bulbs and roses. The stock is, we believe, the most complete of any one's in the country; he is perfectly reliable, for his seeds, plants, and bulbs always give satisfaction. He offers to send one hundred choice and judiciously selected plants for \$10.00, or fifty plants for \$5.00. Address Henry A. Dreer, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HEAVENWARD LED; OR, THE TWO REQUESTS. By Jane R. Sommers. Philadelphia: *Porter & Coates.*

This is an American novel, the authoress of which seems to have attempted to transfer some of the characteristics of second-rate English fiction to her own book. We have, for instance, a mansion, a park abounding in deer, and an old family in which the law of primogeniture—ignored by statute in this country—is kindly recognized by nature. Here the resemblance of our American novel to its English prototypes ends. With all their faults, they aim, at least, to be natural; but the heroines of our book, young girls of fifteen and sixteen, are preternaturally mature in speech and action; they are the heroines of romance, rather than what our American girls really are at this most uninteresting period of their lives. The plot of the story is one that can lay little claim to probability. In short, as a literary production, "Heavenward Led" scarcely rises to the dignity of even a third-rate novel.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SPEAKER. By J. R. Sypher, author of "The American Popular Speaker," "School History of Pennsylvania," "History of New Jersey," etc. Philadelphia: *Porter & Coates.*

A pleasing and judicious selection of "speaking pieces," designed for the use of the younger classes in schools, lyceums, temperance societies, etc.

EARL WHITING; OR, THE CAREER OF A NAMELESS BOY. By the author of "The Little Peanut Merchant." Boston: *Henry A. Young & Co.*

This is a well-told story, depicting the evils of intemperance, and illustrative of the virtues of sobriety and active well-doing. Though specially designed for young readers, it will, to a certain extent, please and edify readers of any age. A place should be found for it in every Sunday-school library. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, AND FIRST ROMANCE. New York: *Sheldon and Co.*

Two amusing trifles; not, however, by any means, in their author's happiest vein. Without his name attached to them they would scarcely have been deemed worthy of publication in book form.

FRANK SPENCER'S RULE OF LIFE, AND HOW IT LED TO PROSPERITY. By John W. Kirton, author of "Buy Your Own Cherries," etc. New York: *J. W. Stearns*, Publishing Agent of the National Temperance Society.

A plain, naturally-written story—claiming to be founded on fact—of the way in which a poor boy worked his way up in the world by a strict adherence to habits of temperance, and to the advice, given to him as the rule of his life, by his dying grandfather, "to fear God, and take the conse-

quences, and to declare war against all deceit and dishonesty."

WONDERFUL ESCAPES. Revised from the French of F. Bernard, and an original chapter added. By Richard Whiting. With twenty-six illustrations.

A richly illustrated book, well calculated both to entertain and to instruct youthful readers. It is the twentieth of that unique and attractive series of books entitled the "Illustrated Library of Wonders." For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. Three Discourses. By George Jarvis Geer, D.D., Rector of St. Timothy's Church, New York. New York: *Samuel R. Wells.*

The three discourses in this volume treat of the subject of St. Paul's conversion in its relation to unbelief, then in its false and true uses, and, finally, in its relation to the Church. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROON; AND MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. By Charles Dickens.

We are indebted to Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, for a copy of their cheap popular edition, in paper, of Dickens's last and unfinished novel. The Messrs. Peterson publish all of Dickens's novels, issuing them in a great variety of styles, from the cheapest to the most expensive, and suited to the means or tastes of all classes of readers.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Boston: *Elias Howe*, 103 Court Street.

This, as the title indicates, is a monthly musical publication. It contains thirty-two pages of first-class music, both instrumental and for the voice, with piano accompaniments. Its size is that of the largest sheet music, to the best of which it is fully equal in the neatness and elegance of its typographical appearance. The instrumental music consists of waltzes, marches, schottishes, galops, mazurkas, polkas, etc., by the best German composers, both of the modern and classical schools. The vocal pieces comprise the most popular songs of the day. Terms \$3.00 per year; 7 copies for \$18.00. Single copies sent by mail, postpaid, for 35 cents.

THREE PROVERB STORIES. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Moods," "Little Women," etc. Boston: *Loring.* Philadelphia: *Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger.*

This is not a new book, but a new edition of three exquisite stories that appeared two or three years ago. It is charmingly illustrated by Hoppin. The stories illustrate the proverbs, "A Stitch in Time," "Children and Fools speak the Truth," and "Handsome is that Handsome Does."

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

TEMPERANCE IN OHIO.

The laws relating to the selling of liquor in Ohio seem quite effective in their operation. Under them a woman can sue a liquor-seller for damages for having supplied her husband with liquor. Mrs. Streett recently recovered damages to the amount of three hundred dollars from a liquor-seller, who, by selling liquor to her husband, lessened her means of support. Mrs. Wilson also obtained a like sum for a similar cause. Other women, encouraged by these successes, are following their example. A woman in Sidney has placed the damages at six thousand dollars, and a battle is being fought in good earnest between the temperance and the anti-temperance men. The latter party has called its members into council and decided to take a bold stand against any encroachment on its "rights." "It will not trade with temperance men." "It will neither buy nor sell from or to temperance men." "It will not employ temperance men, and in every possible way it will work their financial ruin." We like the looks of this. It shows that the liquor men feel their case to be a desperate one. They are getting frightened, and many dramshops in Ohio have been closed.

EXTRAVAGANCE VS. MATRIMONY.

Shall we never be done hearing the complaint that it is the extravagance and idleness of the young women of the period, which frightens our young men out of matrimony? All women are not extravagant, and the surest way to check extravagance in those who are, is for these economical and self-denying young men to show that they appreciate industry, frugality, and modest attire in the other sex. A lady writer in the *Evening Post*, says:

"Why don't some of the wise and sensible bachelors court and marry among the vast army of working girls? They are dressed simply, and are accustomed to habits of economy. They would be glad enough of good homes, and would make excellent wives. They are personally attractive, and I doubt not, are quite as refined and intelligent as the average of fashionable women. Why is there not a greater demand for them as wives, and why are not the Flora McFlimsey's a drug in the market? Let the facts speak for themselves. Be not deceived, O my brethren! With you lies the fault; from you must come the remedy—refuse to pay court to silks, paniers, frills, and chignons, and we shall go over to calico in bat-talions."

We notice that A. Williams & Co., Book-sellers, of Boston, have gone back to their old place at 135 Washington Street, where for so many years they supplied books and periodicals to the reading public. There is not in the trade a finer specimen of the courteous gentleman than Mr. Williams of this firm, as all who know him can testify. May his sojourn at the old stand be long and profitable. The *HOME MAGAZINE* can always be found at 135 Washington Street.

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GOODS FOR SPRING WEAR.

As spring advances, and the heavy winter fabrics begin to be out of place, there is a demand for lighter goods that shall present a good appearance, be durable, and suited to the season. The very best that we can recommend for spring wear are the beaver brands, silk-finished black mohairs, and the otter-brand black alpacas. These fabrics with these brands are recognized in England as the very best of their kinds, and they will soon become equally popular here. Messrs. Peake, Opdyke & Co., of New York, are the sole importers of both brands for the United States.

BOUNDED VOLUMES OF "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

These finely printed and elegantly illustrated books for children, we send by mail, postage paid, to any parts of the United States.

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The first volume of this elegant pictorial, handsomely bound, is now ready, and will be sent to any address by mail on receipt of 80 cents. It contains some 60 fine engravings, and a large amount of carefully edited reading matter suitable for family reading. Its splendid illustrations are worth more than the price of the book, while its temperance stories and great variety of useful and entertaining articles make it a most attractive publication for young and old. It is rarely that so much good reading can be had for so small a price.

A box containing a dozen cakes of Colgate's fine toilet soap, is a very nice present for a lady. Manufactory, 53 John Street, New York. You can get one at any grocer's or druggist's.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

I have used the Grover & Baker Machine almost constantly for eleven years, doing all kinds of sewing on it, from the finest cambric ruffling to the heaviest English beaver cloth. I find it invaluable for Hemming, Felling, Braiding, Binding, Gathering, and everything in general that fingers can do. I prefer it over all others on account of its simplicity and durability, and could not be induced to use any other kind.

Mrs. J. OPHELIA LEES,
Parkersburg, W. Va.